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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXIX No. 2336 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 28 1944

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PALETTE & EASEL

UNTIL comparatively modern times, the artist had also to be something of a technical man if not exactly a chemist. There were no artist's colourmen from whom he could order his paints. He had to buy the raw materials from an apothecary or other supplier and then purify and compound them himself. Ultramarine, for example, had to be prepared by laboriously crushing lapis lazuli, a process usually performed by the apprentice and often taking days. In those times raw materials were few in number and artistic genius did not necessarily always go hand-in-hand with technical ability in paint-making. The marvel is how frequently it did, and much of the surviving work by the masters of the XIVth and XVth centuries remains in almost perfect condition today. From roughly the beginning of the XVIIth century a decline set in, with the result that many paintings lost their tone values for ever and some have perished entirely. The artist now has no such problems. The most recent results of chemical research and production are available to him in his studio. He enjoys an increasing range of pure and reliable paints, varnishes and surfaces, all tested and ready for use. In place of the fickle blue verditer he has acquired over the last 250 years, Prussian blue, Cobalt blue and that latest triumph of British research, Monastral blue. During this same period the costly ultramarine has been replaced by a much more readily available synthetic ultramarine. The more permanent cadmium red (cadmium sulphide and selenide) has taken the place of vermilion, and cadmium yellow that of Naples yellow (lead antimonate). Viridian (chromium oxide hydrate) and now the much brighter Monastral green are available in place of malachite; and zinc and titanium white take the place of white lead. Synthetic resins have provided the artist with protective films and varnishes which do not yellow with age. Organic dyestuffs have given the poster artist colours of a brilliance and permanence hitherto unobtainable. The artist's canvas may be primed with lithopone, and vinyl resins used both as a medium for pigments and in restorative work. Finally a number of chemicals —thymol, formaldehyde, thallium carbonate, and pentachlorphenol— are employed in treating paintings showing signs of mould or other deterioration. Studio and art gallery afford constant proof of the close connection between the arts and the sciences, especially the science of chemistry and the chemical industry.

ICI

First Cousins!

This is a very special kind of tank wagon. The tank is built on the vacuum flask principle to prevent its contents, Liquid Oxygen at —183° C., from evaporating on the journey. 'But why liquid?' you may say, 'I thought oxygen was a gas.' True, but modern engineering uses such large quantities of oxygen that it is delivered in liquid form to save the transport and handling of heavy cylinders. This tanker, for instance, carries about eight times as much as a similar wagon loaded with cylinders of compressed gas. On arrival at the Works where it is to be used, Liquid Oxygen is piped like petrol into a reservoir. There it is evaporated as required and the gas is carried through pipes to the welder's bench or to oxygen flame-cutting machines, which slice iron or steel into shapes as if by magic.

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BOC

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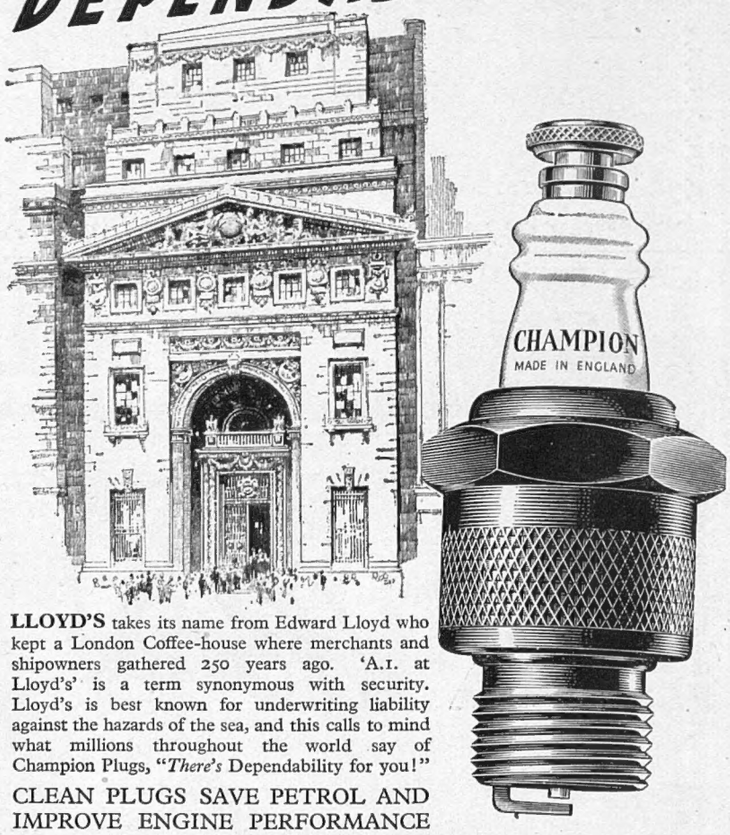

LLOYD'S takes its name from Edward Lloyd who kept a London Coffee-house where merchants and shipowners gathered 250 years ago. 'A.1. at Lloyd's' is a term synonymous with security. Lloyd's is best known for underwriting liability against the hazards of the sea, and this calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "*There's* Dependability for you!"

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Volume CLXXIX No. 2336 The SPHERE, London, October 28, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE PRE-FABRICATED HARBOUR CONSTRUCTED ON THE FRENCH COAST FOR THE INVASION BY THE ALLIED ARMIES ON JUNE 6. The scene at Arromanches, showing the pier which led to the beaches of Normandy and through which the Invasion material flowed from Britain (*See also page 99 of this issue*)

The building in Britain of harbours for the Normandy beaches, and the ferrying of them across the Channel for the Invasion "build-up," was one of the greatest achievements of the war to date—as well as its best-kept secret. In the House of Commons on August 2, the Prime Minister referred to the prefabricated harbours for the first time: he then told how "in less than a month harbours had been erected to which Dover seems small." There were, in fact, two of these harbours, each as big as Gibraltar: they had been manufactured in sections at various points in England, towed across the Channel under the protection of a considerable British and American Fleet, and set down off the coast of Normandy—thus rendering the Invasion armies independent of the ports which the enemy had considered to be a pre-requisite for a successful landing on the Continent. Photographs have now been made available showing how this wonderful feat was carried out: three of these are given in the present issue, and a further selection will be reproduced in next week's issue, together with a special drawing by a *Sphere* naval draughtsman. Of the two harbours sent across the Channel, the American one suffered severely in the worst June gale for forty years. The British harbour was, however, successfully established at Arromanches and functioned throughout the vital Invasion weeks

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 269

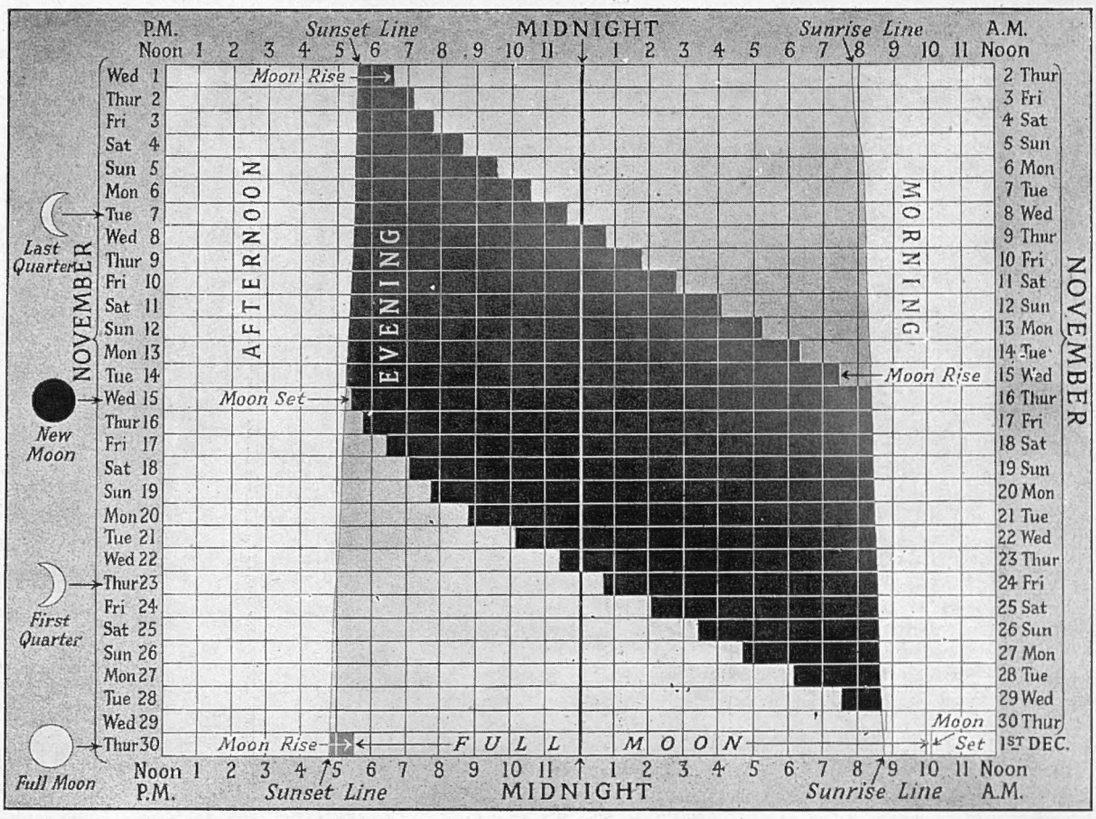
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Patience, not Petulance.

— I am very reluctant to believe that General de Gaulle was correctly or fully reported in the Press in his national broadcast of October 14. He is alleged to have said that Frenchmen might well be amazed at the kind of neglect with which the other Great Powers are treating France in regard to the conduct of the war and the preparations for peace. "Our ports are out of commission, our transport system and railways paralysed, our factories without coal, our mines in a dreadful state." Agriculture and trade are in a bad way, and what rolling-stock and stores France still has are put at the disposal of the Allies for military purposes. "We must see things as they are," he concluded. Nothing is so unfair as to criticise a speaker for observations taken out of their context. Subject to that condition, it is fair criticism to say that General de Gaulle is *not* seeing things as they are. Patience, not petulance, is the suit he should lead, and follow. If the great ports of France are out of commission, who chiefly made them so? If stocks and stores are exhausted, who pinched them? If, now, some ports and the surviving transport system are badly needed to beat the Germans, who has a better right to use them than Eisenhower? If France has forgotten 1940 already, France has a short memory. If France is thinking in terms of trade revival to-day, she is less logical than she is always supposed to be. The common enemy had a long start in 1940, and the lost ground is not yet made up. Germany is by no means beaten, and until victory is won the passage home must still be arduous and bitter for France, as well as for other overrun countries. No one who thinks at all can underrate France's sufferings and the efforts of the last three years. But what of Poland, Holland, Norway, Belgium, Denmark? No one doubts the importance of France as a great Power and strong neighbour and ally in the rebuilt world. But the world is still in ruins, and the first priority is to stop the rot. It is no time to think nationally or domestically, no time to consider even the purest and most patriotic *amour-propre*. Patience and more patience, endurance and more endurance, unity and discipline in the common cause are essential; and there is no place for petulance in the utterances of public men, to-day or to-morrow. General de Gaulle speaks for reborn France. No interpellations or asides can improve on the text of that great new edition of the French Bible.

When to Quit.

—The rats are justly famous for knowing when to quit. Even *they* sometimes leave it a shade too late. Visiting country neighbours are not so good at choosing the psychological moment, and nearly always leave it too late. I have tried to teach my children that it is more important to care for disappearances than to keep up appearances—if the sweets of civilised social life are to be preserved. There are rats—and rats. And the two-legged rats have none of the shrewd sense of the four-legged The Rumanians and the Bulgarians left it a shade late for their own, as well as for their late host's, comfort. And Horthy of Hungary has not shown himself wiser in his generation or wiser by their experience. To go when the going is still good is an article of the book of human wisdom. It is a Good Thing alike for mice (or rats) and men. Only so can you leave a fragrant memory behind, or quit without leaving your tail or some part of your apparel behind you. When Hungary has broken away, with or without her trousers, there will be no more visitors to the Reich to time their getaways shrewdly—except the Nazi gang. They have not always learned wisdom from experience, and already, I think, have left it a shade late. The going is no longer good.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

And Carol!

—In Ruritania, nothing is impossible. No surprise, therefore, to hear that pot-bellied Rupert Hentzau and his circus are packing their bags in Mexico and plan to share in the great divide in the Balkans, where (who knows?) a crown or two may be going a-begging. If it were not that there is nothing which one may not believe of Rumanian politics, I should waste words on saying that there is nothing a man may not deceive himself into believing about himself. Carol has been King of Rumania, on and off, for decades. He is the king of coups d'état. He comes (with suite) when times seem favourable and safe, swoops down and snatches the crown. When things look nasty, he flies (with suite and portable loot) and settles down in a foreign country to nurse himself and his hopes, while others clear up the mess he left behind. But always (and, it seems, with justification) he expects that a warm welcome will await him in Ruritania when he decides that things are favourable for another coup. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, even Anthony Hope fiction. It won't surprise me if Carol is once more crowned King of Rumania, and pays a State visit to Buckingham Palace in the way of business. But, since I am anything but a republican and since this nasty piece of goods is anything but an advertisement of monarchy, I hope he (and suite) will get no farther than Lisbon, if so far. There is still a limit even to Balkan indecency and Balkan "romance," and the Ruperts and the Antoinettes, and Strelsau itself, must surely draw the line somewhere.

A Citizen's Responsibilities and Rights.

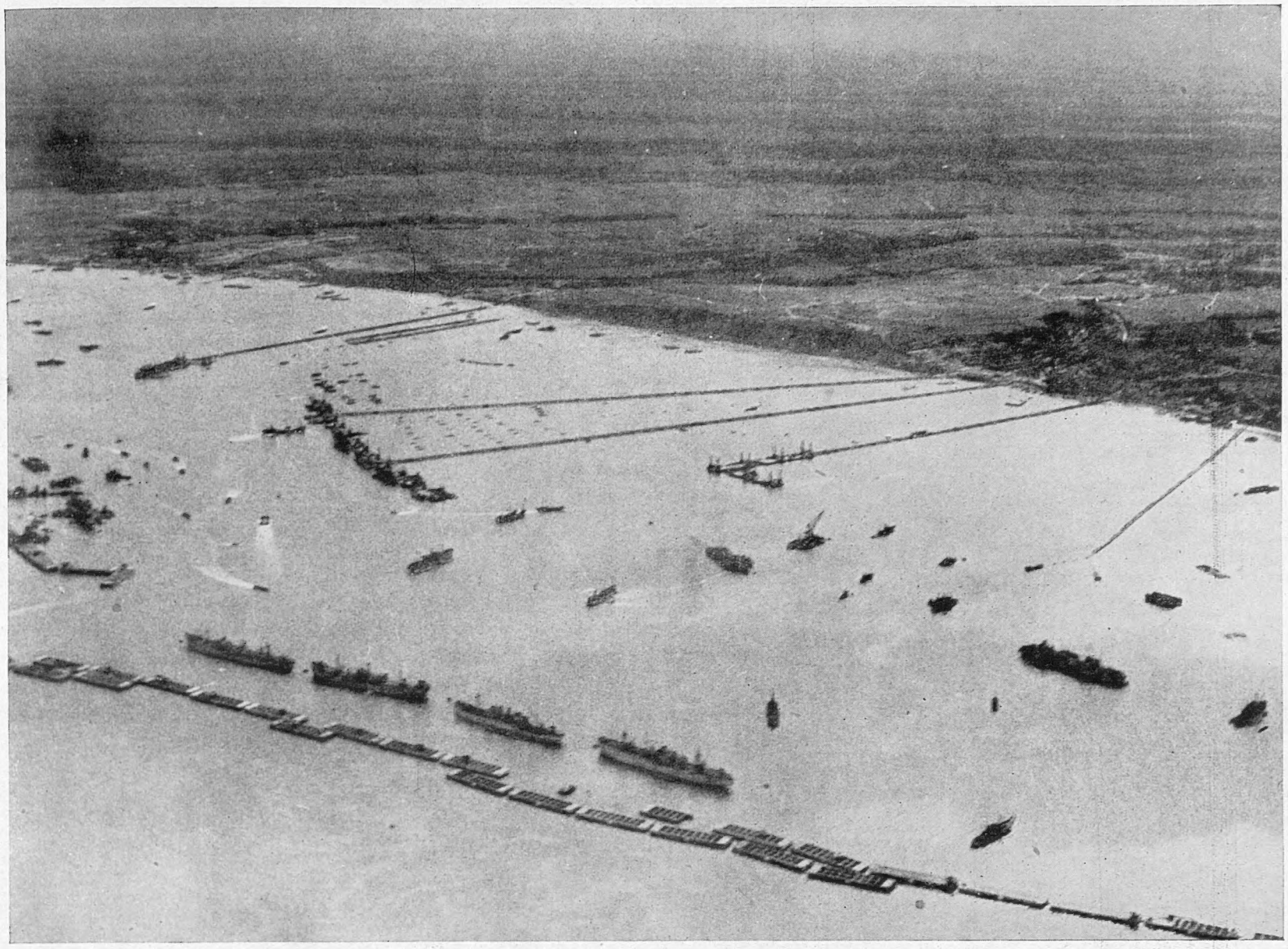
—Sober men in sober monthly reviews are beginning to warn us that unless we take steps, we shall cease to remember that as citizens we had won certain rights (dating from Magna Charta) which, or some of which, we have gradually parted with, and that unless we bestir ourselves to recall what those lost rights were, and to press for their restoration, we may find ourselves bereft of them for all time. It is not too soon for the warning note to sound. I have during the war urged upon the nation the importance of realising its *responsibilities* of citizenship. It is fair to say, after some bitter experiences of five years of war, that our rights as citizens have become not less important to remember. Imminent national danger caused us willingly to surrender many "inalienable" rights of free Britons. Individual experience of the practices of new and old Government departments in wartime has convinced some of us that sometimes our willing and trustful surrender has been accepted somewhat cynically and as a free and unconditioned gift. I am not going to refer to 18B. I am thinking now rather of individual cases of bald tyranny or quite unjustifiable callousness in the dealings of mushroom war ministries with private citizens in such matters as requisition, or in response to claims for damage, or the difference between smooth promise and far from equitable performance of necessary wartime interference with private property and rights. As, for example, in dealings with the timber section of the Ministry of Supply. That Civil Servants are in the main a decent, hard-working and humane body of men I have often affirmed, but that war bureaucracy throws up little Hitlers, with some of the truculence and incompetence of Hitlers, is unquestionable, and in my own experience some of these individuals, in the name of Bureaucracy or war necessity, have indeed revealed a very dangerous notion that a citizen's rights have minor importance when compared with his duties of citizenship in wartime. It is a dangerous notion which should constantly be checked and opposed, and the practices it gives rise to should be fought tooth and nail and killed whenever possible. Not one of those practices can be suffered to survive the European War, and it is up to us to see that they do not. If we win this war, only to lose many of our hard-won rights as free men for years to come, it will be a queer sort of victory over the curses of totalitarianism.

The Home Guard's End.

—It seems likely now that the Home Guard may be given a more generous and national *Nunc dimittis*. Such local last parades as have not taken place yet have been cancelled on W.O. orders, and I dare say arrangements will now be made for near Armistice Day (I refer to Armistice 1918), when general local parades may perhaps be co-ordinated to hear a message broadcast from the highest quarters. Indeed it will be better so. When the Mayor of Somewhere-or-other misquoted a famous phrase and told his local unit that "Never in history have so many been messed about by so few," he rather bitterly voiced a general (but quite tolerantly accepted) experience and truth. The L.D.V. and the H.G. *have* at times suffered a good deal of order and counter-order and messing about, and the W.O. have all too often done the right thing at the wrong time—too late. But the H.G. bears no malice, and has a good record of "bearing all things, enduring all things," with good humour, patience and understanding of the supreme difficulties of organising the Great Bluff. Still, it is odd that any pundit at W.O. should have been satisfied with giving the H.G. the order of the Boot (and greatcoat) at local parades under battalion arrangements. And I hope that this piece of insensitive and unimaginative bungling will now be cancelled out and reparation made to the H.G. in a generous and material way. If ever the bare chests of part-time soldiers deserved a bit of ribbon, these four-years-hard labourers and philosophers own those chests. Complimentary O.B.E.s to the senior officers of "the most democratic army in history" were a poor substitute, and an inept, for the material recognition of the rank and file who carried the movement on their patient shoulders! Indeed, the arrangements for giving recognition and giving the boot to the H.G. have been bungled quite inexcusably, and might go down in history as a parallel with the Crimean left-boot bungle.

THE OLD STAGER

In THE SPHERE of October 14 we published a picture of the "First British Regiment to Enter Germany," and described this Regiment as being the Sherwood Foresters. This statement was made in error, as the distinction was gained by the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, R.A.C., and not by the Sherwood Foresters.



AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE PORT, showing how the various pre-fabricated sections were laid down off the Normandy beach at Arromanches with protecting breakwaters and blockships

THE PRE-FABRICATED PORT

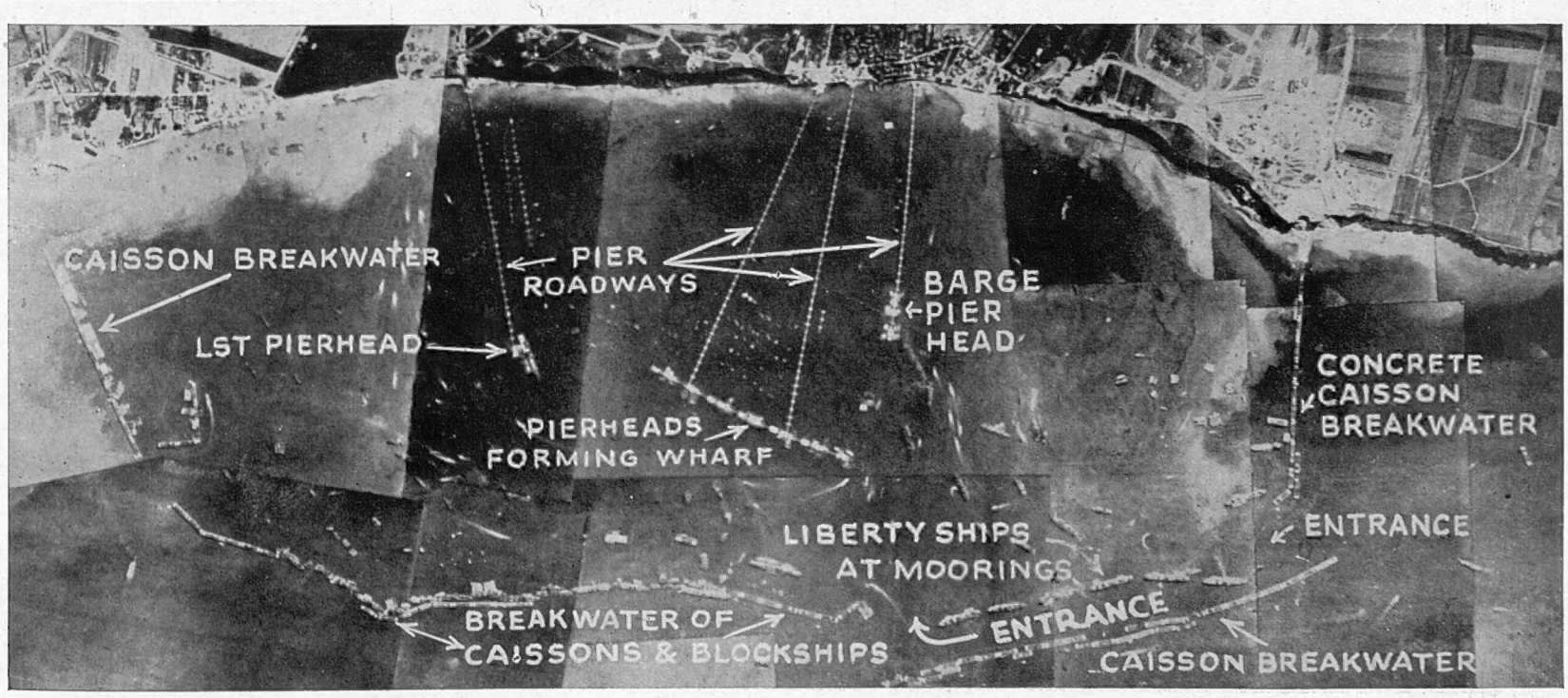
At Arromanches on the Normandy Coast

How it was Constructed for the Supply and Reinforcement of the Allied Armies

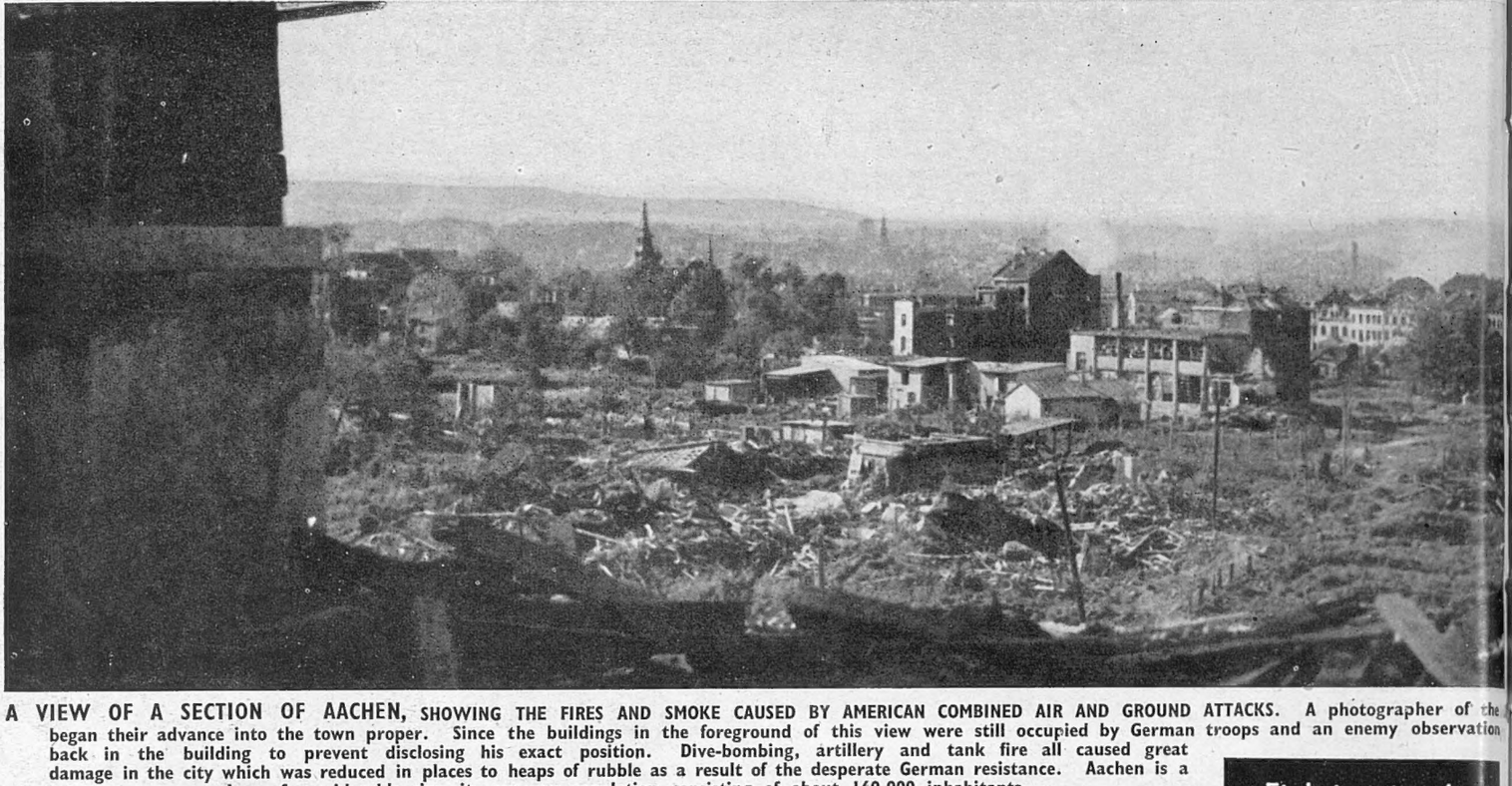
In order to accommodate the necessary shipping and port equipment, the size of each harbour had to be roughly the same as Dover, which entailed the construction of 150 caissons. For technical reasons these could not be placed in water deeper than 5½ fathoms, which meant that only a limited number of ships, such as the Liberty type, could use the harbour. It was therefore decided to make an outer floating breakwater in addition.

In the final layout of the breakwaters there were three elements: the concrete caissons, the floating breakwaters and the blockships, all of which had to be got ready in a very limited time. The arrangement of the breakwater on the ground was based on old French charts, which were thought to be unreliable owing to changes in the sea-bed. These were corrected to some extent by actual reconnaissance and soundings taken during the period before D-Day, but the plans had to be left very flexible, the final siting being dependent on surveys to be made as soon as possible on D-Day.

Day after day, in all weather, scores of ships of all sizes have moored within its shelter or berthed in unbroken lines alongside its quays. Never, even at the height of peacetime trade boom, has so much shipping used such limited accommodation at one time. Many thousands of British workmen were directly concerned with its making. Scores of thousands more were indirectly employed. As a result of their craftsmanship, hundreds of thousands of tons of vital supplies, scores of thousands of men and many thousands of vehicles have been put ashore in the most rapid military build-up ever undertaken. The pre-fabricated port made possible the liberation of Western Europe.



A KEY TO THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE, showing how the various components of the port were laid down. There were four pier roadways, each with a pier head and all protected by breakwaters. The entrance used by the Liberty ships is seen on the right of the above view. Never has so much shipping used such limited accommodation at one time

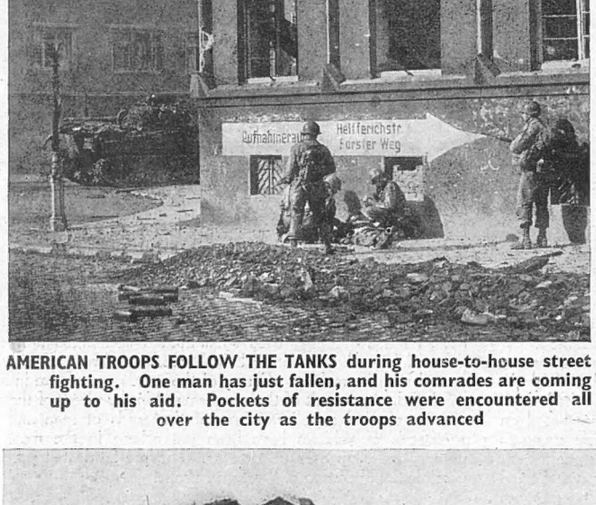


A VIEW OF A SECTION OF AACHEN, SHOWING THE FIRES AND SMOKE CAUSED BY AMERICAN COMBINED AIR AND GROUND ATTACKS. A photographer of the began their advance into the town proper. Since the buildings in the foreground of this view were still occupied by German troops and an enemy observation back in the building to prevent disclosing his exact position. Dive-bombing, artillery and tank fire all caused great damage in the city which was reduced in places to heaps of rubble as a result of the desperate German resistance. Aachen is a place of considerable size, its pre-war population consisting of about 160,000 inhabitants

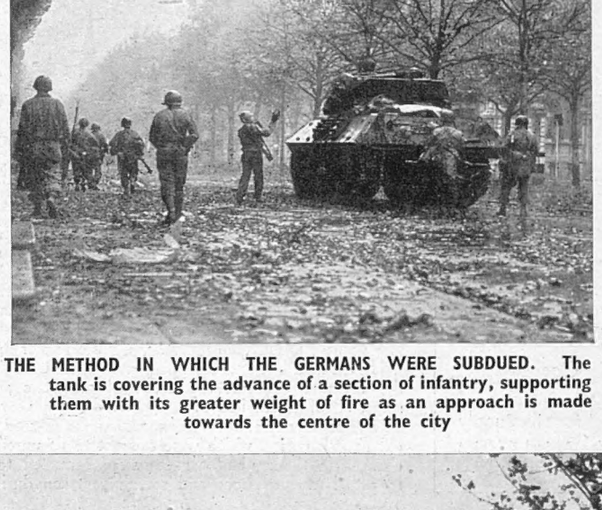
Fighting in the Streets of AACHEN

As the Americans Pressed Forward into the Centre of the City

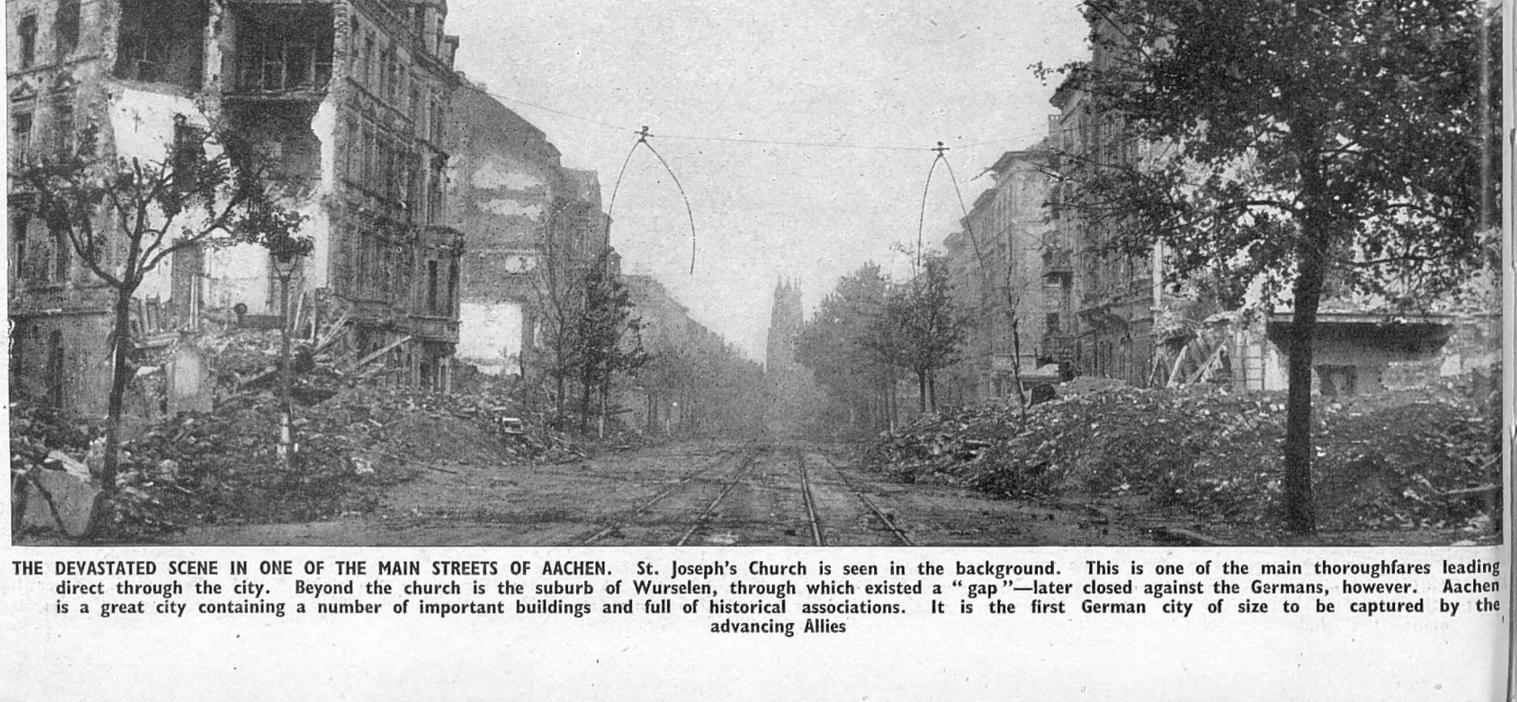
A series of pictures showing how the tanks, tank-destroyers and infantry "inched" their way forward in the face of desperate Nazi opposition. The main streets of Aachen are now a shambles of rubble and debris as a result of the incessant shelling and bombing, and deserted by most of the civilian population, of whom about 4,000 are now refugees in American hands



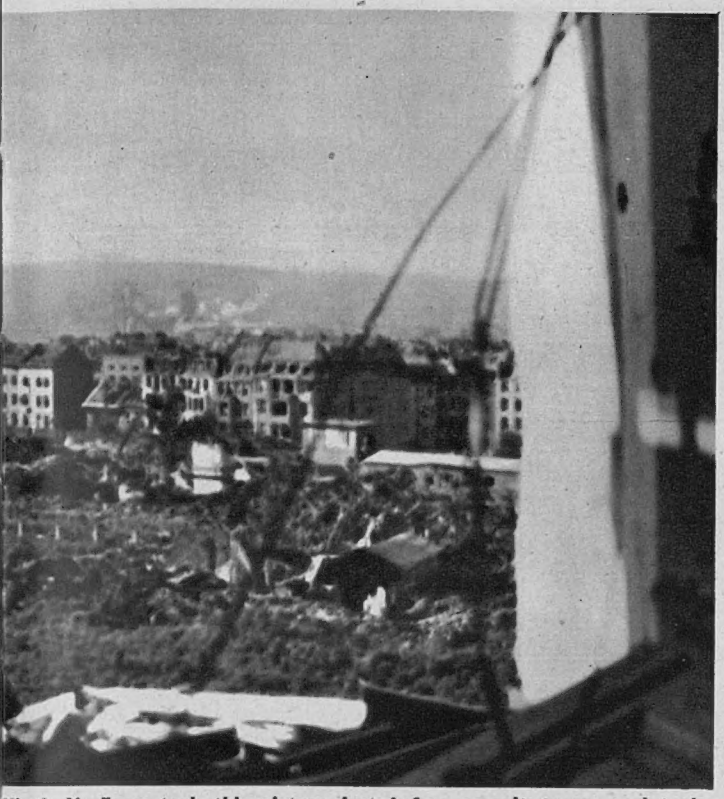
AMERICAN TROOPS FOLLOW THE TANKS during house-to-house street fighting. One man has just fallen, and his comrades are coming up to his aid. Pockets of resistance were encountered all over the city as the troops advanced



THE METHOD IN WHICH THE GERMANS WERE SUBDUED. The tank is covering the advance of a section of infantry, supporting them with its greater weight of fire as an approach is made towards the centre of the city

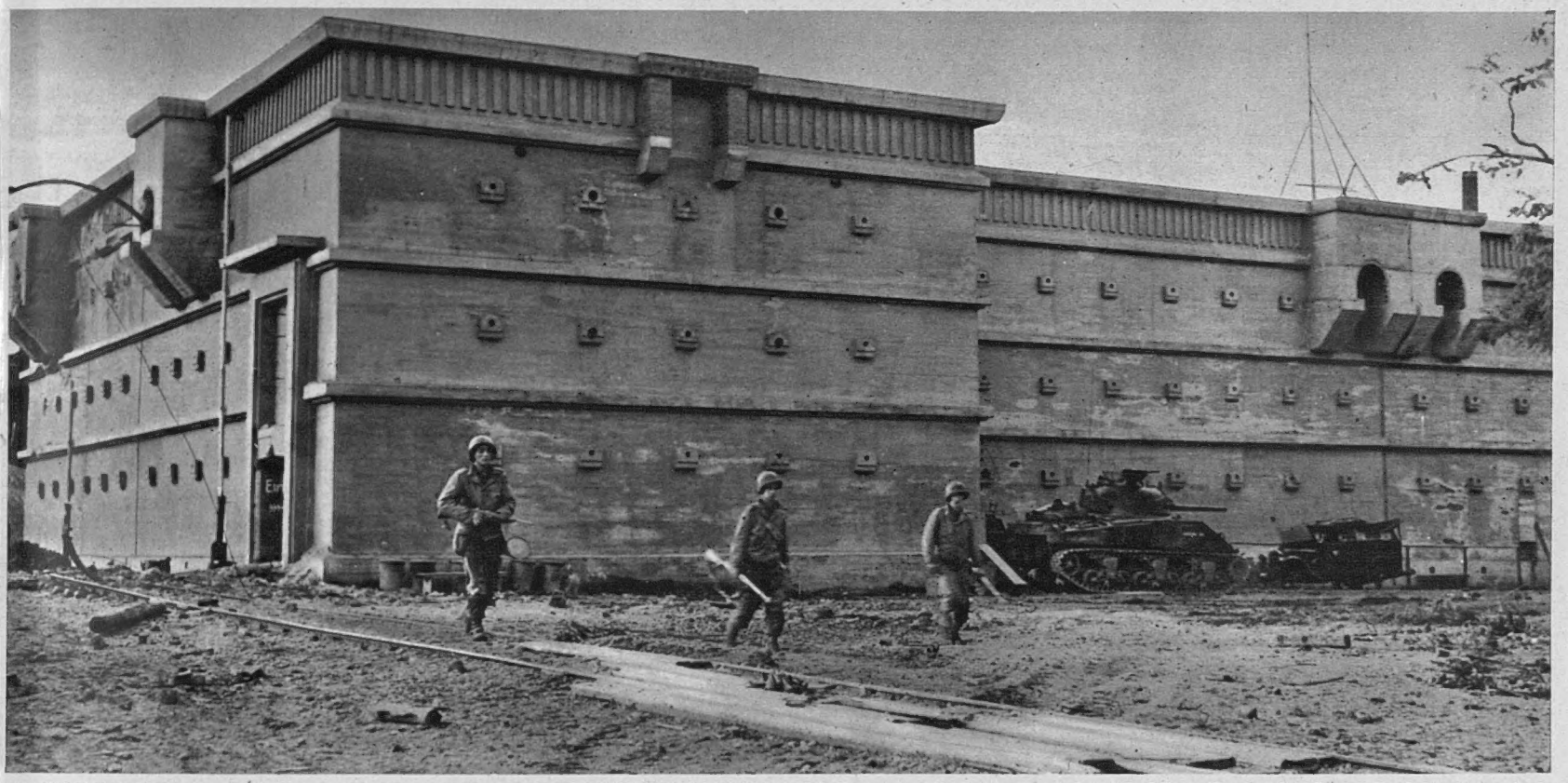


THE DEVASTATED SCENE IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF AACHEN. St. Joseph's Church is seen in the background. This is one of the main thoroughfares leading direct through the city. Beyond the church is the suburb of Wurselen, through which existed a "gap"—later closed against the Germans, however. Aachen is a great city containing a number of important buildings and full of historical associations. It is the first German city of size to be captured by the advancing Allies

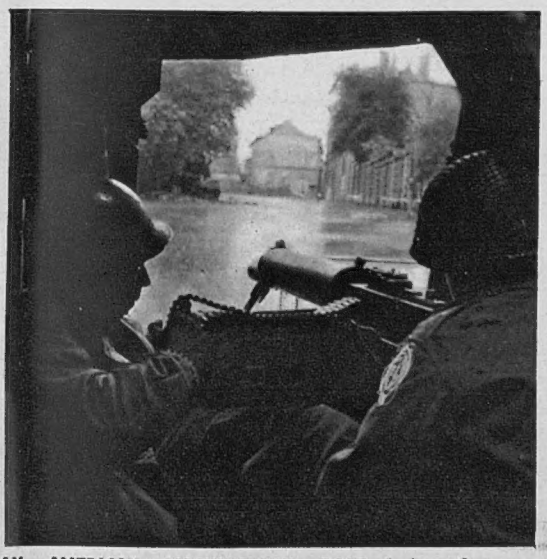


Ninth Air Force took this picture just before assault troops and tanks post was only a hundred yards distant, the photographer stayed well

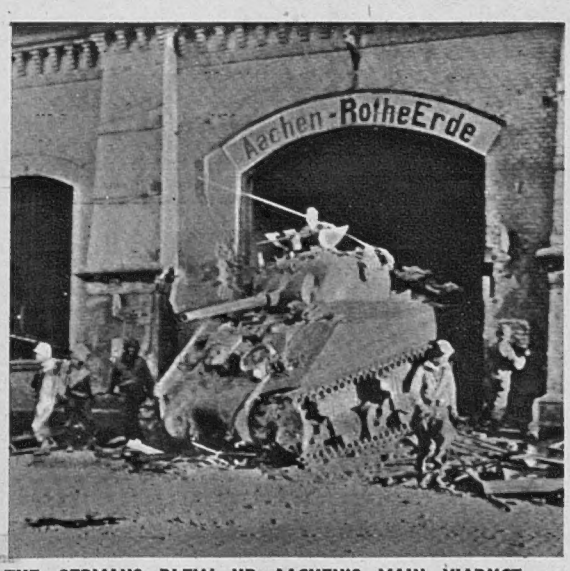
AMERICAN GUNNERS MAN-HANDLING THEIR PIECE OF ARTILLERY into position at the corner of Bismarck Street. This important thoroughfare is now a blazing ruin, with shattered buildings on both sides testifying to the ferocity of the street-fighting in Aachen. A tank is going forward in front of the gun, firing on German points of resistance and clearing a path for the infantry who will follow later



AN ENORMOUS AIR-RAID SHELTER IN AACHEN WHICH IS NOW IN AMERICAN HANDS. This huge building was capable of holding thousands of people, but most of the former civilians in the city are now refugees. Some 4,000 of them assembled at temporary quarters on the outskirts of the city, and were later taken to Belgium, where they were housed temporarily in a large school. Most of them have been receiving American Army rations



AN AMERICAN MACHINE-GUN POST facing German positions down a street in Aachen. The post commands the whole open space visible here



THE GERMANS BLEW UP AACHEN'S MAIN VIADUCT, so U.S. tanks smashed through this hole in the railway station to enter the city

AN AMERICAN INFANTRYMAN takes cover behind a telephone-booth in an Aachen street, to avoid being spotted by enemy snipers

THE WIDENING OF THE DUTCH "CORRIDOR"—THE EASTWARD MOVEMENT OF THE BRITISH SECOND ARMY FROM THE EINDHOVEN-NIJMEGEN AREA towards North-west Germany. Owing to the heavy rains, troop movements have been confined to the roads: these are often tiled and bricked in the manner shown above

—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

ADVANCES against the GERMANS in HOLLAND and FRANCE

At Nijmegen, on the Maas, and around Belfort

—Special Sphere *Drawings*

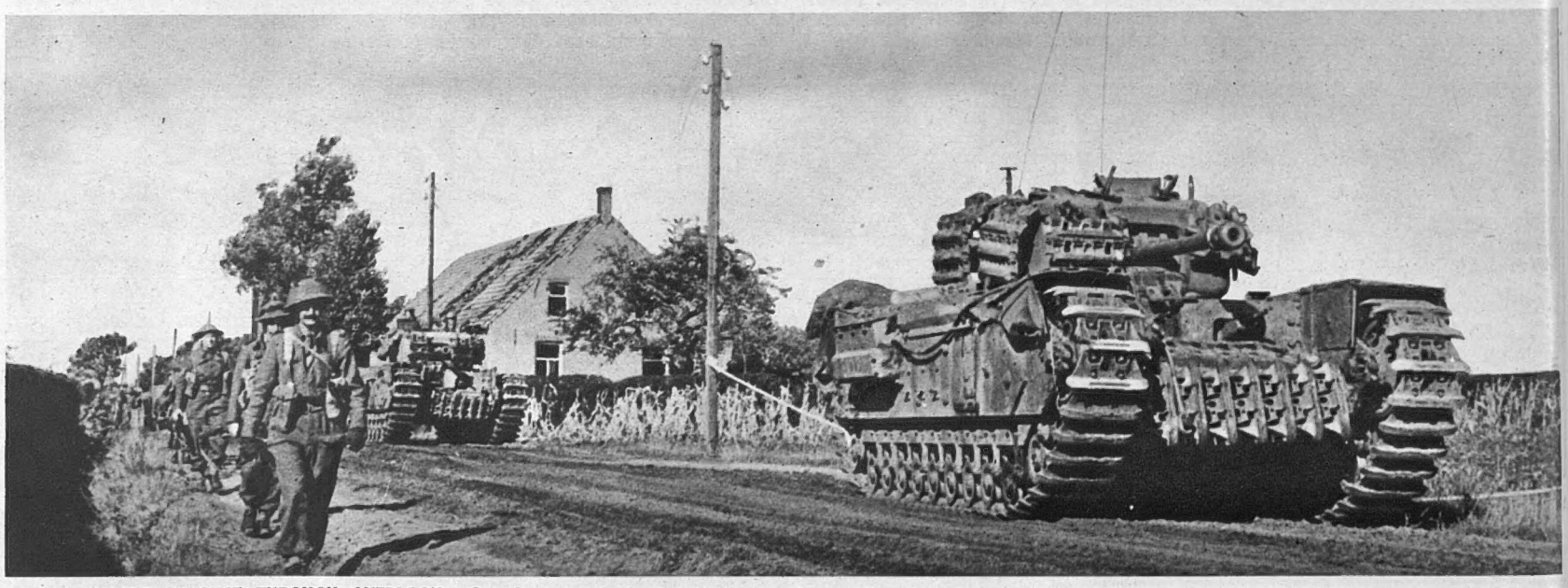
While having to defend the apex of the "corridor" round about Nijmegen against persistent enemy attack, the British Second Army has been slowly but steadily pushing eastward towards the River Maas. By the end of September, Helmond (north-east of Eindhoven) was taken, and Deurne, on the International Express route to Duisburg and Essen, was also cleared of Germans.

The dense Reichswald, to the south of Nijmegen, proved a troublesome obstacle to the advance, the enemy having dug in there, and being able to assemble forces for attack under cover. The Germans have made attempts to surprise and overwhelm the British from the cover of the Reichswald, but each attack has been smashed.

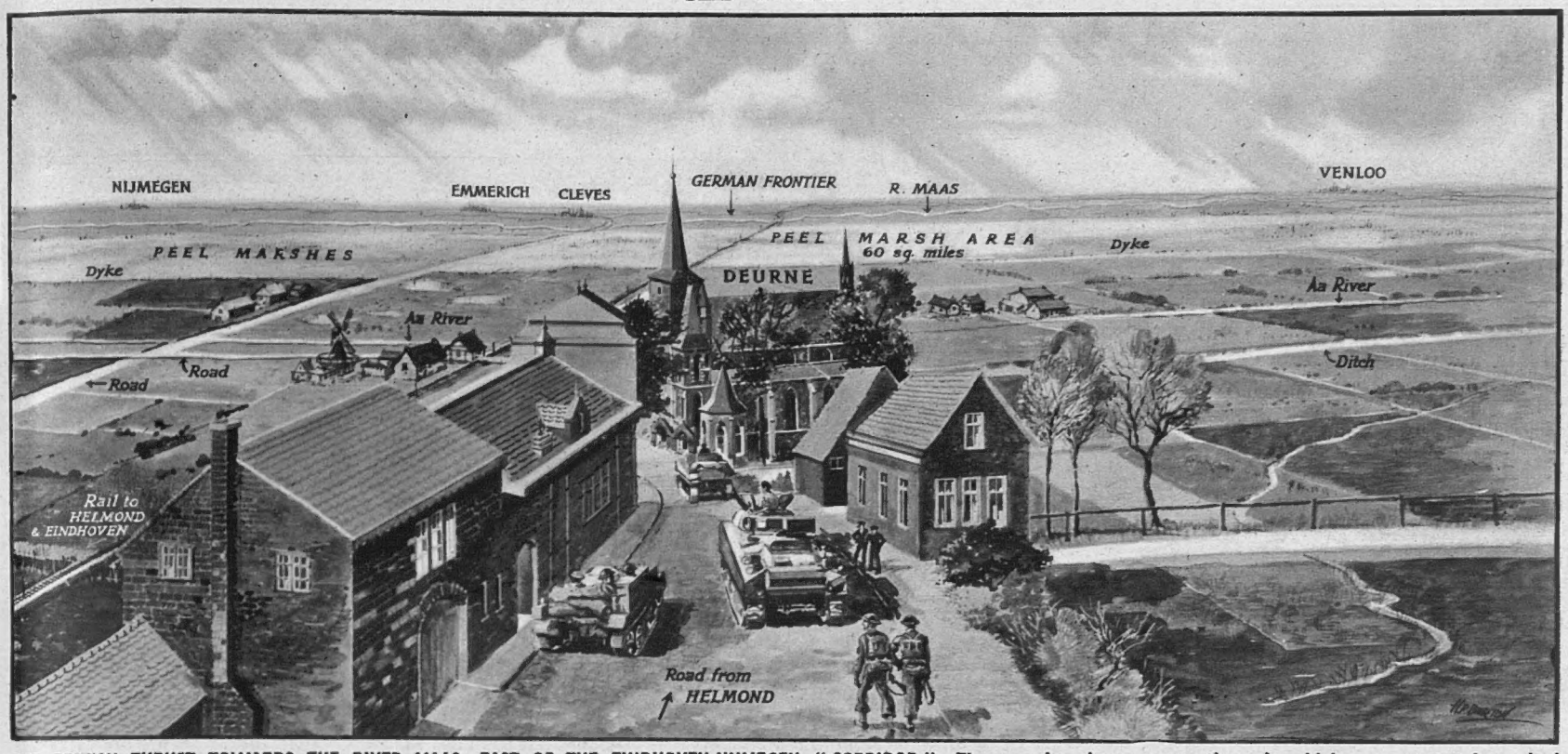
Lying between Deurne and the Maas is a desolate area known as the Marais de Peel—a wide, little-inhabited district, mostly peat-bog and moorland. The British have been advancing across this district from Boxmeer, on the western side of the Maas, southward towards Overloon, which lies at the edge of the Marais, surrounded by a wide stretch of thick pine plantation.

This little place has changed hands many times, furious tank battles being fought in and around it for five days during the first weeks of October, and now there is not a house or shop left intact. The Germans were driven out during the great attack on October 12. Fierce house-to-house fighting followed, with the enemy throwing in Tiger tanks, but they were outfought, and the British pushed on southward towards Venray. This involved fighting through a thick-wooded district, leading to open country, much cut up by dykes.

SHERMAN TANKS ADVANCING THROUGH OVERLOON after that Dutch town, to the south of Nijmegen, had been captured on October 12



BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCE THROUGH OVERLOON. On the second day of their attack on the German positions forming a pocket round this town (lying to the south of Nijmegen), British troops advanced to take Overloon on October 12. Following its occupation, they then pushed on to the south-east, and gained 1,000 yards of enemy territory in the face of stiff Nazi opposition, eventually capturing the nearby town of Venray. This picture was taken as Churchill tanks and British infantry were advancing towards the town



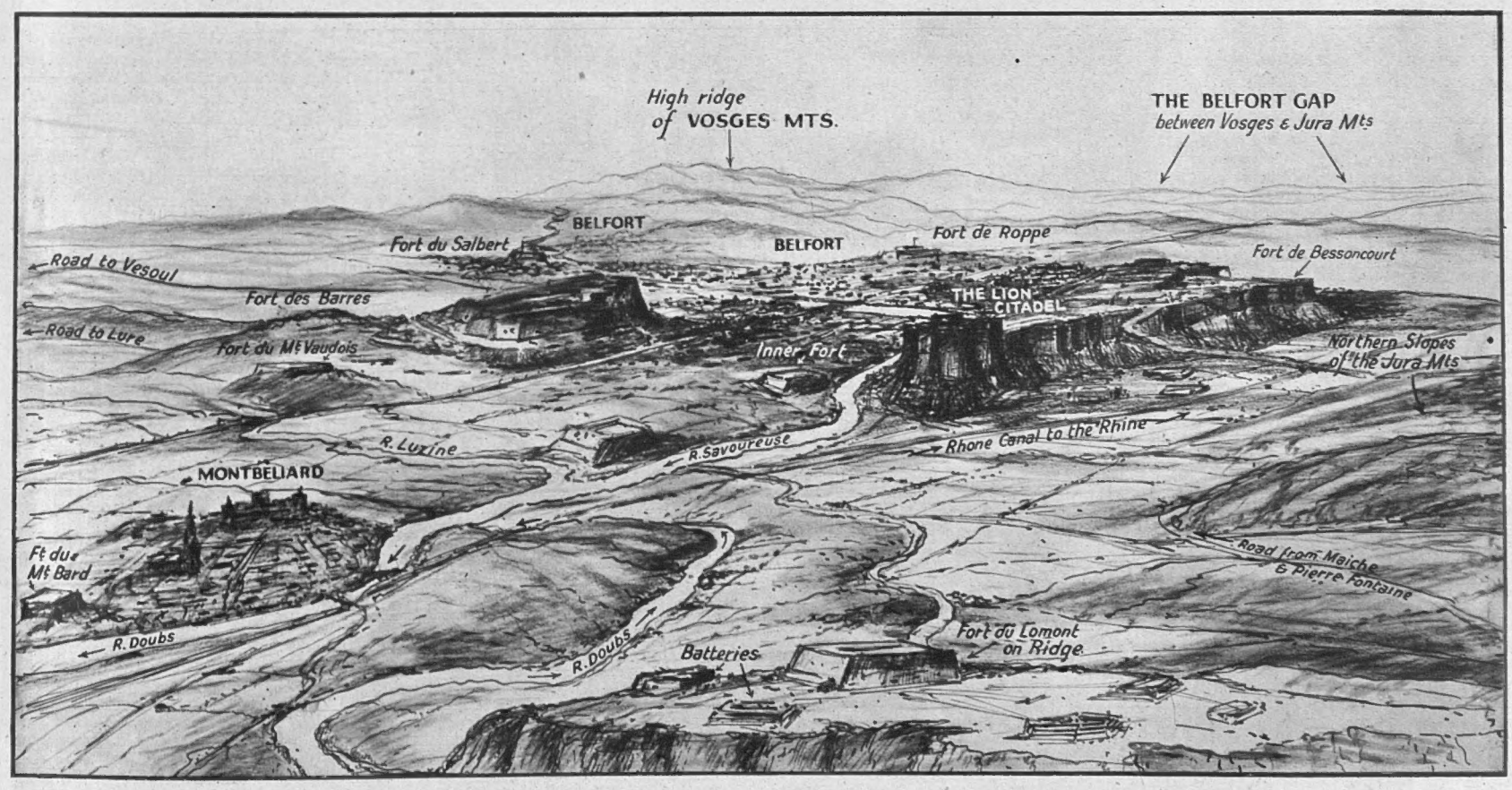
THE BRITISH THRUST TOWARDS THE RIVER MAAS, EAST OF THE EINDHOVEN-NIJMEGEN "CORRIDOR." The marshy, boggy area through which our troops have had to advance across the Marais de Peel, as seen from the town of Deurne—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The area of the British forward movement towards the Maas and the German north-west frontier stretches southwards from the much-shelled village of Overloon to south of Deurne. In the view given here, the spectator is looking along the main street of Deurne towards the marsh area known to the cartographers as the Marais de Peel. Although classified as a "marsh," it is not wholly marshland. Much of it is heathy in patches with some areas of peat-bog interspersed. If the peat has been cut to any depth, a marsh or shallow lake will develop. In large-scale maps this area is bare of village or town names. It is crossed by one important railway and by a few roads. One of these, running south-east from the Deurne district, is a big highway. To the west of the "Marais" there is a wide zone of polder meadowland with ditches stretching up to the Eindhoven road. To the east of the "Marais" there is higher and drier ground,

THE CROSSING OF THE BOIS LE DUC CANAL: This was effected by the Second Army on September 22. Two days later the bridge-head had been extended to the neighbourhood of Deurne, only a few miles from the German border

in a south-easterly direction mounting steadily. Across the German border one leaves behind the Dutch water meadows and enters a country of wide, rolling stretches cut into by river valleys here and there. Emmerich is known as a northerly frontier town of Germany, and Cleves as an historic town once the capital of a German duchy with an ancient ducal palace, the Schwanenburg. The Marais de Peel is stated to measure some 60 square miles in extent; it would seem to be a northerly extension of the Campine area of Belgium, "an area of sterile heaths and wastes," to which much attention has recently been drawn owing to the coal deposits discovered in the region.

Although flat and extremely open, this terrain is not altogether suitable for tank operation, owing to the fact that no deployment can be made across the country because of its waterlogged nature. All heavy traffic must proceed along the main roads.



AT THE EXTREME SOUTHERN END OF THE BATTLEFRONT IN FRANCE, where the American Army is advancing towards the historic Belfort Gap, between the Vosges and the Jura Mountains. The many fortresses around Belfort are here indicated—*Drawing by Percy Home*

During the middle of last month, the advances made by two converging Allied forces towards Belfort were threatening enough to induce the enemy to declare a state of siege in Belfort. The classical entry into Southern Germany was indeed an obvious goal for the two American forces advancing northwards and eastwards on separate routes. Thunderbolts struck at the surrounding supply areas. The great military strong-point constructed by the French between the Vosges Mountains on the north and the Jura on the south was, however, too strategically important for the enemy to concede. He had retreated from strong positions in the Besancon area for still stronger ones in front of Mulhouse. General Patton's Ninth Army had been pushing northwards by way of Baume les Dames and Rougemont on a route slanting north-east from Besancon. Clerval had been reached and passed. The enemy began to make frantic efforts to put Belfort in a condition of defence. Berne messages stated that all Frenchmen between sixteen and thirty had been rounded up and sent into Germany. At the beginning of this month Allied troops had reached Montbeliard and were working round to the north through Ronchamps from Lure to Le Thillot, a position north of Belfort, during the succeeding weeks. A position of great strength lay in front of them. The citadel of Belfort, with the famous lion commemorating the defence of the frontier during 1870, is surrounded by a core of inner forts and, beyond, the surrounding high points bristle with forts. Some of these command the windings of the River Doubs, into which flows the Savoureuse, the stream which divides Belfort into eastern and western halves

FROM CHINA TO PARIS

What is to be the Future of that Far-Eastern Country at the Peace Negotiations and After? By FERDINAND TUOHY

ACCORDING to the Republican Senator Chandler, Mr. Churchill observed to him, that he didn't see why China should be admitted as one of the Big Four in her present state. There must be many people in this country who wish the Prime Minister did say so, and this without the slightest disrespect, ingratitude, or lack of appreciation towards the Chinese; not that they haven't experienced an excess of adulation.

Mr. Churchill is popularly supposed to be too ready to make concessions so as to keep the Americans in humour. Assuredly he remains deeply cognisant of the crucial support they gave to his lone stand. Half-American, he must wish for permanent ties between the two nations, perhaps as good as a reunion. Yet a time has come—it has been gradually coming for a long while—when a British Government needs to weigh more closely the benefit versus the risk of acquiescing in American desires in which it does not believe.

Once before, the Americans undid the good they had done in Europe by running away from the settlement. This time the danger is lest they undo the good they are doing by excessive intervention in the settlement.

The latest example was Dumbarton Oaks. The presence of China as a full-flown member of the world's Super-Four, in situation to have higher say concerning the destinies of famous European lands, filled me with a sense of unreality—and we know who pushed Chinese participation at stratospheric level. It reminded me of how the late League Council used to be "packed" by the Great Powers, by the "permanents" wishing their own puppets beside them aloft, for reasons removed from the spirit of international co-operation.

The unreality is pressed further when one reads what exactly China did at Dumbarton. "The Chinese Government favoured a revival of the old League of Nations, with teeth, rather than a new method of approach to world problems," and Dr. Wellington Koo's proposals "do not seem to have found favour." Meanwhile, a country was kept out of the planning—France—which pressed in vain in 1919 for the two principal innovations now introduced into the successor League: the establishment of a permanent military force, and that decisions shall be reached by majority vote!

It is one thing to wish and plan for China's emergence as the United Nations' principal pillar in the Far East after the herding of the Japanese back into their own islands; quite a different matter to anticipate such emergence by acting as if China were already that pillar.

But let the Americans themselves speak about China.

"Let us be brutally frank," says my out-size friend, John Gunther, who has been inside most places, including the Far East. "China at present is not a nation; it is a vast, sprawling amalgam that aspires to true nationhood. Control is divided between the Central Government of Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communists, who have set up their own quasi-republic in the great Chinese north-west." This refers to the Eighteenth (Communist) Army Group, which now seems to be further than ever from trusting Chungking's offers and inevitably relies on Soviet Russia, not without good reason, to back it up.

The state of China is as bluntly put by the United States Foreign Policy Association. The weakness of the Central Chinese Armies can mainly be traced not to the inadequacy of American aid, but to "such internal conditions as the mishandling of troops, political differences among the generals, widespread discontent with the methods of conscription, popular dissatisfaction with the corrupt behaviour of many military leaders and Chungking's failure to use the full machinery available for war production." And the Association's "Bulletin" goes on to quote a recent estimate that "only one of every twenty Chinese conscripts reaches the front line," and notes that "men are picked at random on the streets by armed officials and impressed into the Army." There is not a semblance of anything democratic about Chiang Kai-shek's regime, which has, in fact, been accused of Fascism. The mildest summing-up (in *The Times*) is that "officially, China is still in the second—the pre-democratic—stage of Sun Yat-Sen's programme." Whether it was part of this programme to instigate an inflation, as Chungking did earlier in the war, which has now got completely out of hand, spreading untold misery, can be answered only in one way. Is it sense to recognise such a regime at the topmost level, to have it sit in with just three others in the attempted refashioning of a universe, while all the rest are kept outside and told to be good and see what is coming to them? Is it kindness towards the Chinese themselves? That they have resisted gamely the Nazis of the East, history tells and will tell. That the West would like to see them as the senior nation of the Far East is also a certainty. But what is the use in *saying* that China has already qualified to vote on a par with Britain, Russia and the United States, when she is in the most palpable disunion, with none of us able to say how she will turn to-morrow?

There must be some ulterior motive in pushing China on to a seat of the mighty long before she can muster sufficient nationhood to climb that high, and I detect a cat being let out of a bag in an exultant release by the United States Department of Commerce. "The 450,000,000 Chinese need everything," spaciously begins a Report, and it goes on to enumerate endless exports which Americans will be able to make, culminating in "the amazing numbers of motor-cars and lorries that will have to be provided to fill even the minimum needs of free China."

There is going to be the most unseemly scramble for markets ever known, after this war, and it, more than anything else, will hold the seed of future war. I'm not showing up the Americans in particular: it's apparently recognised as strictly human nowadays to force everything you can on other people. The Americans see 450,000,000 Chinese tummies waiting to be refrigerated and they don't stop to count the cost other than in cents.

But let us be quite clear as to why this current, tragic China is shoved forward as a member of the first, all-puissant, so exclusive World Council; not that I've seen the slightest thanks for the promotion from Chiang Kai-shek, who, indeed, ignored all mention of the Allies in his recent China Day address.

Contrast this accelerated promotion of a people, vast, yes, but who do not exist as a nation, and are held in grievous tribulation between Communism and a form of Fascism, with American treatment of the French and the democratic Government of their unanimous choice.

The French have now concluded that the reason they are not being recognised yet as a sovereign people is that they are not wanted at the conference table while the plan of future peace in Europe, and out of it, is drawn up; and it is not surprising, therefore, that they have entered a caveat well in advance that they do not feel obliged to recognise anything affecting them, particularly concerning their murderous neighbour, in which they have not been consulted. They add that they were not even informed later of what was done at Dumbarton or anywhere else.

On this delicate matter it is just as well to quote Americans whenever one can. According to Walter Lippmann, President Roosevelt must be held mainly responsible for the denial of that which all French people long for, and this despite the President's oft-expressed, deep and abiding affection for all things French. Writes Lippmann: "First, he professed not to know, though all who knew French affairs, did know, whether the French people would accept the Provisional Government presided over by General de Gaulle. Then when the French people accepted this Government, Mr. Roosevelt, contrary to the advice of the State and War Departments, has still continued to withhold recognition."

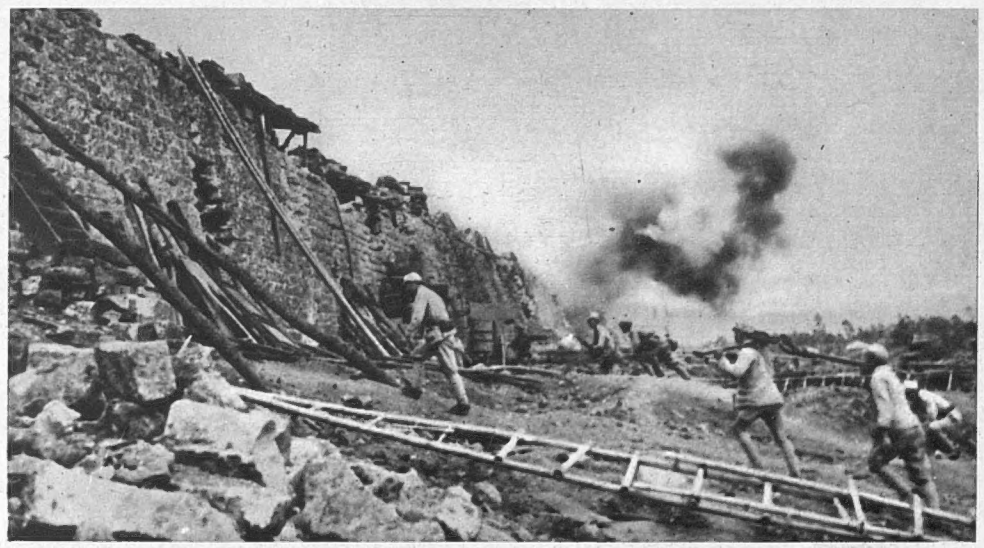
Many months ago, in an article called "Inside the de Gaulle Tangle," I tried to set down the various reasons why recognition was being refused. The French are now concentrating on this angle, on the *why*, and they have come to the conclusion that "the Allies" wish to keep France in weakness and disorder so that another Government to de Gaulle's may make its appearance, a regime that would not nationalise, trust-bust, or generally assail the money-power politics of the notorious 200 families.

The belief is that "the Allies" don't want de Gaulle to go through with his revolutionary plans, lest they should be catching, on the score of "what France does to-day, the rest do to-morrow."

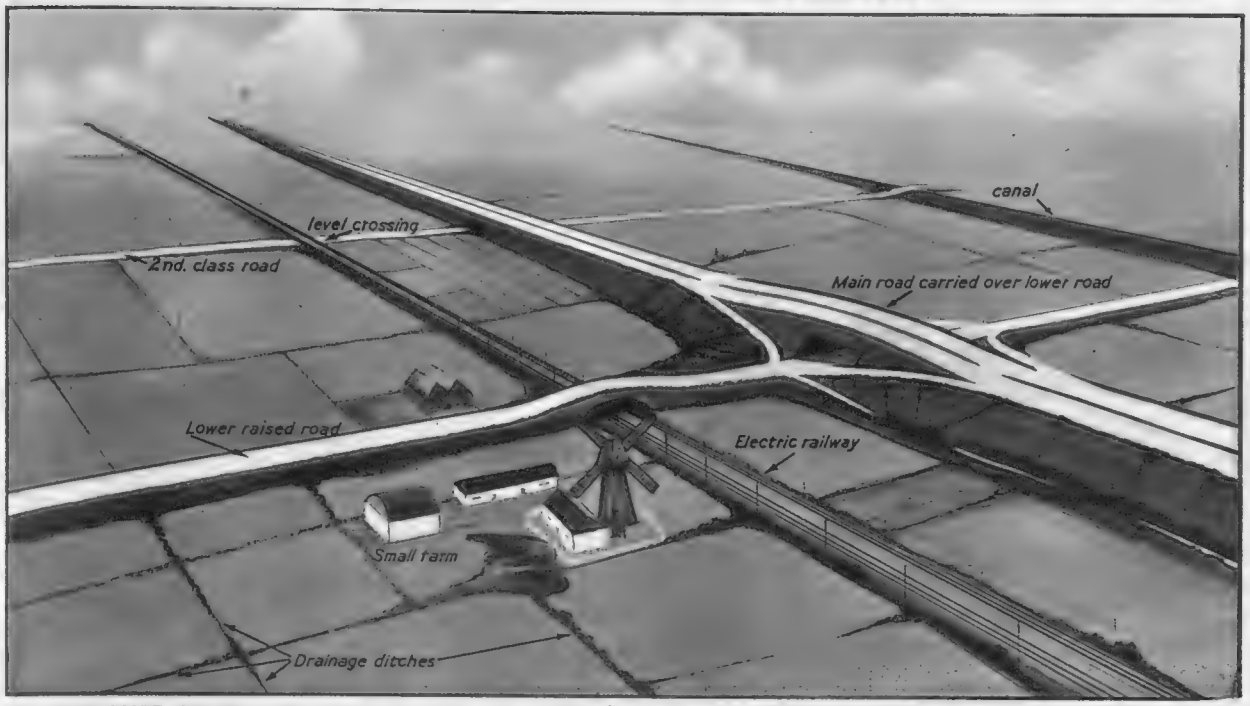
The French intend to persevere *quand même*, and they have friends everywhere. One feels certain that the Prime Minister has repeatedly stood up for France against the *chinoiserie*—remember how he deliberately referred to France as the fourth Great Power quite a while back—and one very much hopes that Parliament and Press will make things easier for him by making it as clear as possible to the French people that, here and now, Britain dissociates herself from the policy of keeping France one minute longer from the major counsels.

By so doing, we shall be strengthening France on her grievous, upward way. If we omit to do it, we shall be included as one of "the Allies" who do not wish this liberated France to come through.

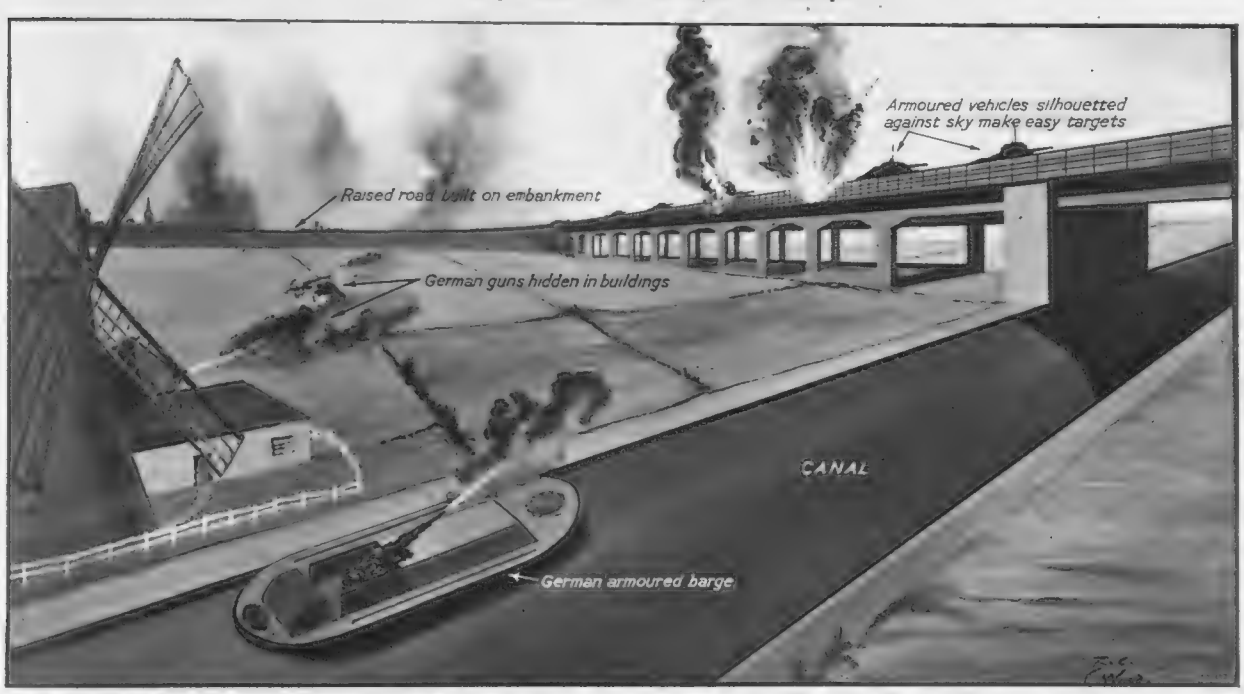
THE GENERALISSIMO AND MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK: A happy picture taken last year, just after the Generalissimo had been awarded the Legion of Merit Medal by the American General Stilwell. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, amongst the most important figures in modern China, is one of the "Soong Sisters," whose influence has been felt throughout the whole country over a period of years



HOW TENGCHUNG WAS CAPTURED FROM THE JAPS: This town lies on the way to the old Burma Road. It was the first city east of Burma to be liberated from the Japs after five weeks of heavy fighting. In order to scale its walls, the Chinese brought up ladders built of bamboo. Before the war, Tengchung was famed for its jade factories



THE LANDSCAPE IN HOLLAND: A complex terrain in which the main roads are raised high above the surrounding countryside, and all roads are usually above the level of the waterlogged agricultural land. The canals and waterways are as prominent as the roads in most parts



THE NEW CONCRETE BRIDGES WHICH LINK THE GREAT MOTOR HIGHWAYS. Tanks and lorries are silhouetted sharply on these, and on the raised roads through the polder country. On the canals the Germans have been operating a number of armed and armoured Dutch barges

A MILITARY PROBLEM in HOLLAND

The Road and Canal Systems over which Our Armies must Operate Through Difficult Country

If the canals of Holland present problems to our fighting forces, the roads may be said to affect immediate day-to-day tactics to an equal extent. The new roads are firmly based and constructed and will bear heavy traffic; but the traffic on them is confined to the raised road surface and the slopes which give access to the lower roads. Although these new roads are in themselves so solid, the surrounding lands are moist to an astonishing degree.

Usually there is a boggy subsoil 30 to 40 ft. deep: it is sometimes so soft that a pole can be pushed into the ground with one hand. The Dutch road-builder has therefore always been confronted by problems different and, in the main, more difficult than those of other countries. It has forced him to build extremely narrow roads, and for centuries has given the waterways an immense superiority over the landways. The waterways have, in fact, been the primary ways, with land roads serving as feeders only.

Modern Dutch road-building, at least in its unfinished state, gives an odd character to the landscape. In parts of the country, striding the waste lands and green fields, with neither road nor canal in sight, are huge concrete bridges and viaducts, like relics of some remote civilisation. Beside these isolated bridges and viaducts, another odd feature of the Dutch landscape is the great ridges of sand, like abandoned dykes, which rise unreasonably from the middle of a peaceful pasture and extend in an undeviating line through the polder, to end as abruptly as they began. These ridges are the foundations for the autostrada. They are made to bear the weight of the super highway and its traffic, which otherwise would sink into the peaty subsoil, and to carry the great road high enough for minor roads and canals to be directed underneath.

The problem of concentrating great masses of any particular arm of the ground forces in such terrain will be obvious. The single feed road up to Nijmegen gave its own lessons of traffic jamming during the attempt to reach Arnhem. It may sound a truism—but it is evident that new terrain compels an immediate adaptation of Army tactics.

A TYPICAL ROAD IN THE REGION OF THE MEUSE-ESCAUT CANAL. In the centre is the pavé causeway; to right and left are the soft green verges, unsuitable for the passage of heavy tanks and lorries. Over the whole scene lies the mists which are so typical of the Dutch landscape in autumn

On left—**HOLLAND IS A WATERLOGGED COUNTRY: Great areas of it are already under water, either by Allied or German action. The map here shows the regions which can be flooded either by the sea or by the many rivers. Only the areas marked white are free from the possibility of flooding—but these, too, are usually flat and very low-lying**

"GENERAL MUD" AGAIN COMES INTO ACTION IN ITALY: This example of the country over which armour and vehicles have travelled is typical of the Savignano sector on the Eighth Army front, and gives some idea of what our troops have to face

"The WEATHER" Again Returns to ITALY

Appalling Conditions in the Adriatic Sector, After the Crossing of the Rubicon

"Once again, as so often in Eighth Army history, the weather has come to the help of the enemy," writes one war correspondent from the Adriatic sector in Italy. The storms and floods of winter have already arrived—almost before those of this country! The valleys along the coast have been flooded by the heavy rains and consequent swollen rivers; and this has caused a change of tactics on the part of the Eighth Army High Command. Using Scottish and Indian troops, both of whom are accustomed to such country, the fighting has been switched to the mountains inland: these men, advancing over stiff mountain obstacles, have crossed the Fiumicino at various points, and thus threatened to cut off the Germans in the plain

AFTER TORRENTIAL RAIN HAD FALLEN FOR SEVERAL DAYS: Sandbags tied round the ankles help to keep the legs of the Eighth Army infantry dry amidst the appalling mud

FIGHTING AMID TORRENTIAL RAINS

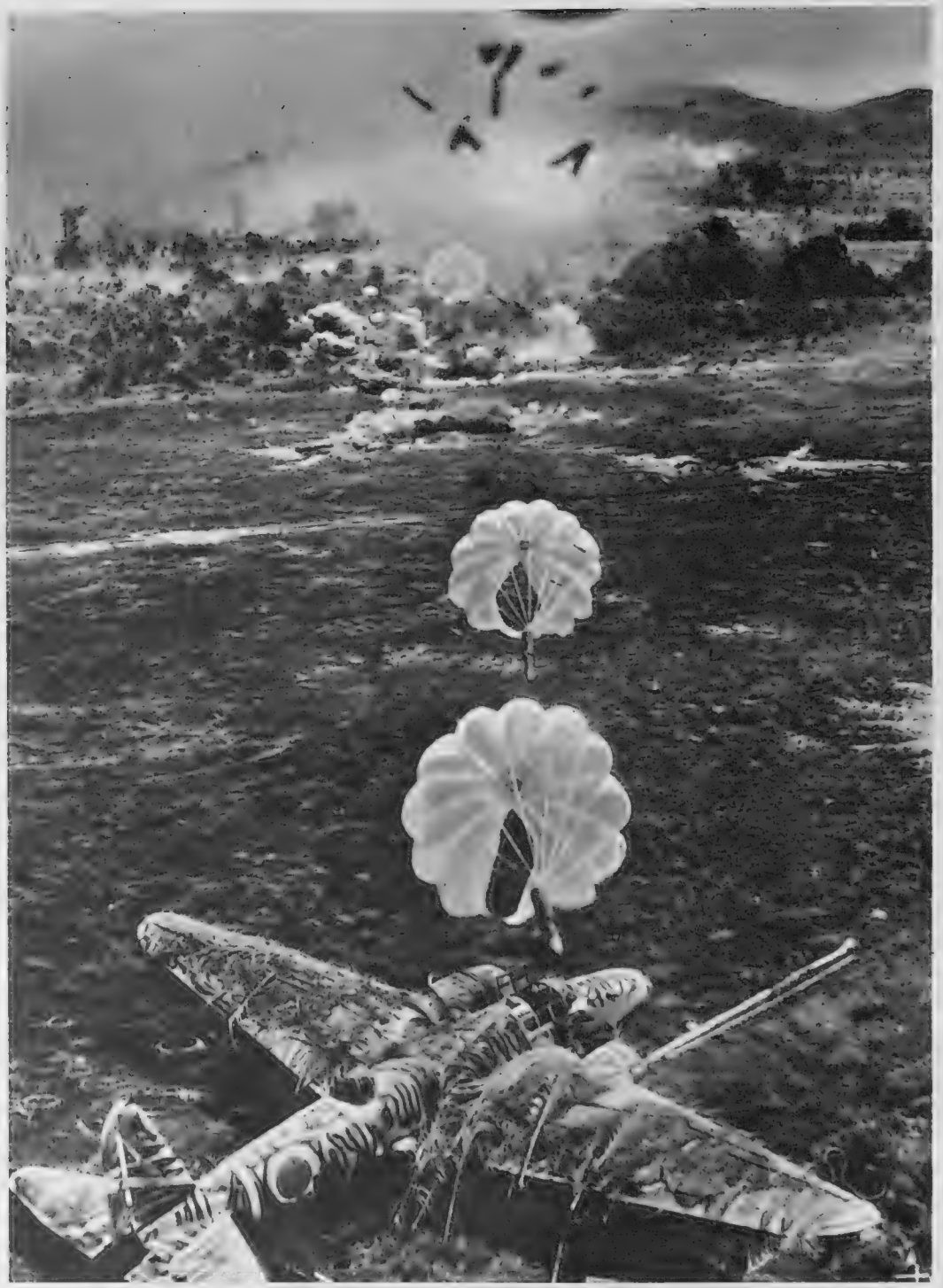
WEATHER CONDITIONS. The gales and used to the hills have therefore been

HOW THE RAIN AND MUD HELD UP THE ADVANCE OF THE EIGHTH ARMY into the Lombardy Plain. A Bailey bridge which was swept away by the flood waters as a result of the heavy rains which fell for days on the Adriatic sector and which seriously hindered the communications of the advancing Allied forces

AN ENEMY BIG-GUN EMPLACEMENT captured in the battle for the Lombardy Plain: Four large concrete gun emplacements, with 6-in. coastal guns in each, covering a large area forward of Rimini, were captured during the advance of the New Zealanders along the coast of the Adriatic. In the two centre emplacements there were also 88-mm. A.-A. guns, with their barrels blown by the enemy before retreating. Steel pill-boxes were dug in on the coast road and the beach mined, suggesting that the enemy expected an Allied landing in this area. This picture was taken on September 27

AND THUNDERSTORMS IN THE ITALIAN MOUNTAINS, WHERE MEN USED TO HILLY COUNTRY HAVE HAD TO BE DRAFTED TO CONTEND WITH THE TERRIBLE deluges of winter have already arrived; paths and roadways have been flooded, and fighting in the flooded valleys has become impracticable. Scottish and Indian troops, transferred to the higher mountain regions, and this change of tactics by the Eighth Army has already proved successful inland from the coastal areas—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

HOW THE RIVER RUBICON WAS CROSSED: This famous river, which in peacetime held so much historical interest for tourists, was crossed by the Eighth Army in their drive north to the town of Savignano, on Route 9, at the base of the Lombardy Plain, on September 28. On the left, British infantry are seen crossing through a path taped by the engineers; on the right, tanks are crossing over the mine-free river-bed while engineers are still working on the banks of the Rubicon. The whole of the Eighth Army is now safely over the river



THE "PARAFRAG" BOMB ACTUALLY AT WORK during an attack on a Jap-held island in the Celebes. Destruction is here about to overtake a well-camouflaged enemy plane on the airport at Old Namlea, on Buru Island, near Celebes, in the Dutch East Indies. The "parafrag" bomb is a combination of parachute and fragmentation missile, which can be most deadly in execution. Dropped in batches, the group of bombs "walk across" an aerodrome, destroying everything in their path. Owing to the complete air ascendancy over the Japs throughout the whole Pacific area, the Americans have been able to attack enemy-held airfields from a low level and to wreak an enormous amount of damage on the already dwindling Japanese Air Force

A SCENE FROM SAIPAN ISLAND, in the Marianas. This is a camouflaged Japanese control tower made of solid concrete and equipped with heavy steel doors. It was captured by the U.S. 69th Infantry when they took the airfield; they have rechristened it "Tammany Hall"

WARFARE in the PACIFIC

By Land, Sea and Air

—New Pictures from the United States

The American net around the Japs in the Pacific is closing tighter each week. From all parts of the South-Western and Central Pacific come reports of new attacks by land and sea and new invasions of territory and islands held by the Japs for two years and more. The pictures reproduced on these pages have all reached London within the past few days. They illustrate recent operations and demonstrate the manner in which the war is coming ever closer to the sacred Japanese homeland itself

A SCENE ON PELELIEU, in the Palau Islands. Wrapped in canvas and blankets, American soldiers killed in the bitter fighting lie in rows on stretchers awaiting removal to a South Seas cemetery

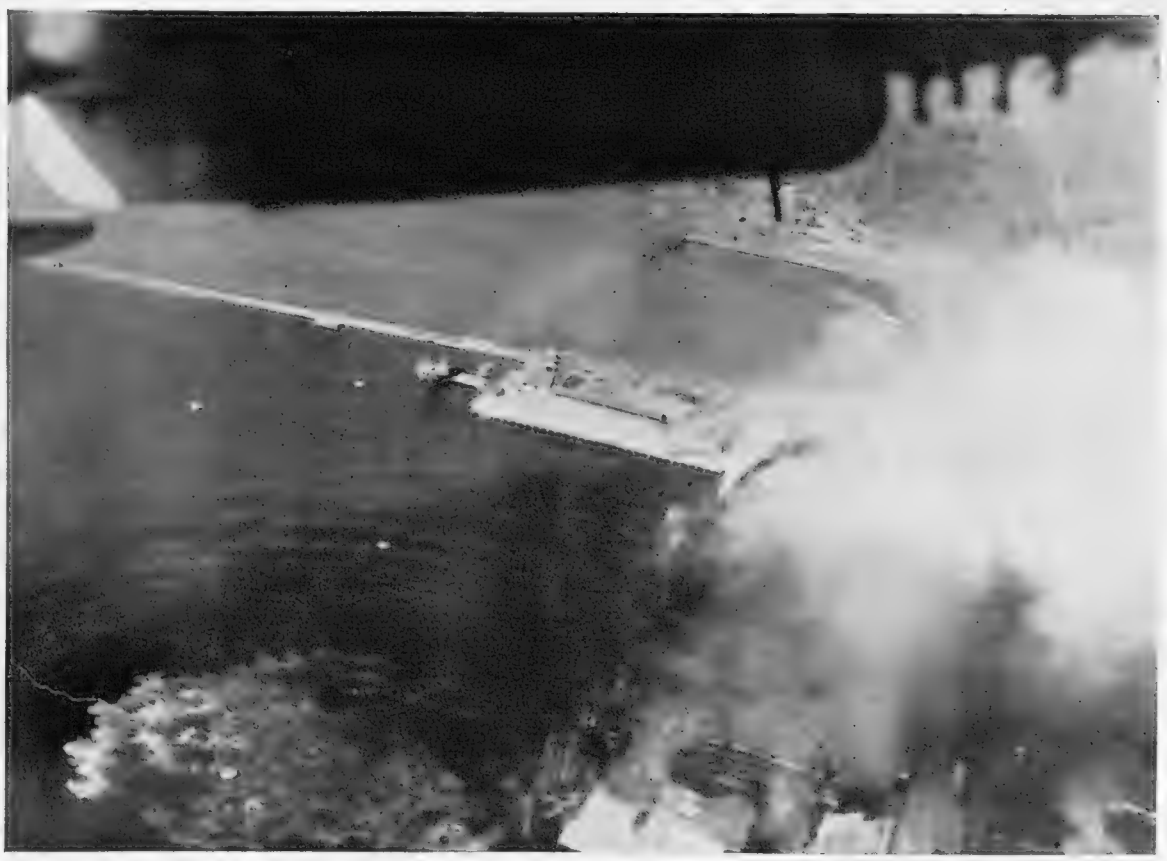
THE JAP-HELD PHILIPPINES HIT FROM THE AIR IN A DEVASTATING ATTACK ON MINDANAO: Smoking and burning from direct hits and near misses, ships and store installations go up in flames after the raid carried out by the Americans on September 8

Mindanao is the second largest of the Philippines, lying to the extreme south of the group of islands. Like Manila itself (on the northern island of Luzon), it is now wide open to attack from the carrier-borne aircraft of the American Third Fleet—and a number of devastating raids have already been made in which the Jap occupiers of these previous American possessions have been seriously punished. On September 8 the U.S. Fleet struck the first blow against the Philippines, thus demonstrating how close the war in the East is approaching to Jap home territory: this picture was taken just after the Navy's dive-bombers had gone down to the attack over the harbour. Further, and even more severe, raids followed soon after

THE JAPS ATTEMPT TO TRAP AMERICAN BOMBERS OVER THE ISLAND OF IWO JIMA, IN THE KAZANS : This island is only 650 miles from Tokyo itself ; it was attacked by American B-24 Liberator bombers. Just after they had released their destructive cargo, the Japs sent up phosphorus bombs, to burst in the air above the American aircraft. The intention was to set the bombers on fire : the streaks in the picture above denote the path taken by the phosphorus fragments. The Liberators are, however, sailing serenely through bomb-bursts and clouds alike back to their base

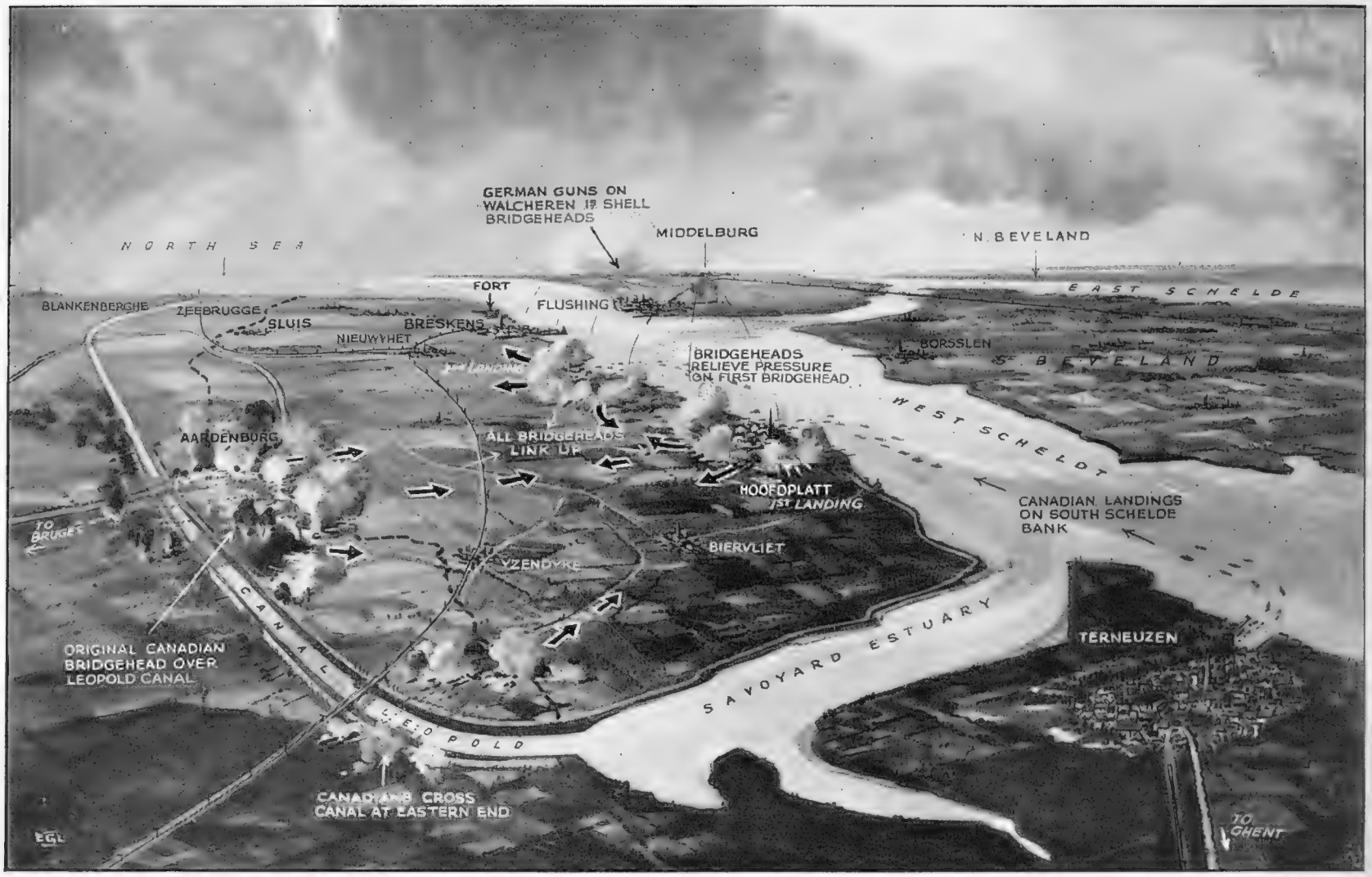
ON PELELIEU : U.S. Marines using rifle-grenades, hand-grenades and "Molotov cocktails" against Japanese well entrenched in caves on the island. One of the men is about to throw a missile : in the centre is the torch used to light the "cocktails." These Marines fought for nine days before relief arrived

PELELIEU : Crouched for protection and ready to spring, these Marines await the signal to hurdle a small ridge between them and the Japanese airfield on the island : The invasion of Pelelieu was begun on September 15. Twelve days later the whole of the island was under American domination. In all, over 8,200 Japs were killed on Pelelieu, and another 7,300 on the neighbouring island of Angaur, according to Admiral Nimitz



AN AIR ATTACK CARRIED OUT BY THE EASTERN FLEET AT PADANG, on the west coast of Sumatra

A special announcement from South-East Asia Command, made on August 27 last, reported that on the night of August 24-25, a heavy carrier-borne attack, supported by units of the Eastern Fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral Clement Moody, was made against the large cement manufacturing plant at Indaroeng, near Padang, and on Emmahaven, port of Padang. Complete tactical surprise was achieved, no serious opposition being met with nor any Japanese naval opposition : the Indaroeng plant was devastated by large numbers of heavy bombs, and other heavy damage was inflicted on wharves, warehouses, a coaling jetty, a railyard and harbour installations. Two merchantmen of 3,500 and 2,500 tons were left burning fiercely. This picture was taken just as a stick of bombs was bursting on the 3,500-ton vessel : four direct hits were obtained. Hits can also be seen on the 2,500-ton supply ship lying astern of the other



THE CANADIAN BRIDGEHEADS OVER THE LEOPOLD CANAL, TO ATTACK THE GERMANS STRUGGLING TO CONTROL THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT PORT OF ANTWERP. A number of bridgeheads were established across both Scheldt and Leopold Canals, and finally these were all linked up together—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert* *(See accompanying article)*

THE WAY TO ANTWERP

The Struggle to Clear the Shores of the Lower Scheldt

Where the Canadian Army have been Fighting on the Leopold Canal

The Germans have been clinging on desperately to the islands in the mouth of the Scheldt, and to the small strip of land on the southern shore of the river, to prevent the Allies being able to use the great port of Antwerp, which fell into their hands almost undamaged. The islands of Walcheren and Beveland were heavily fortified, and the Leopold Canal, forming the frontier to the detached portion of Dutch territory, was a serious obstacle for the Allies to overcome.

At the beginning of October a serious attack was begun to clear the Germans out of this vantage point. On October 4 the island of Walcheren received a great air bombardment, which broke the great dyke, acting as a sea-wall, near Westkapelle, and the sea flooded the low-lying land behind. Two days later Canadian troops crossed the Leopold Canal, and formed a bridgehead.

It was difficult for the engineers to make bridges, as they were under fire the whole time from the enemy, who were in prepared positions, and the country which lay ahead of the troops gave every advantage to the Germans. It was low-lying, intersected with water dykes, marshy, with few roads, and those all on exposed causeways.

The enemy made constant fierce counter-attacks, keeping the small bridgehead under perpetual shelling, so that the weary troops had no rest. At one time they broke through the bridgehead, splitting it in two, but the next day the Germans were wiped out and the bridgehead rejoined.

In order to ease the pressure on the canal, which the Command knew would be very heavy, another landing by waterborne troops was made at Hoofdplatt, on the coast. These troops had assembled well inland on the Ghent Canal (on October 9), travelled for four hours to Terneuzen, on the Savoy estuary, and then, under cover of a heavy bombardment proceeded down the Scheldt. They came under the heavy guns of Walcheren as the later assault boats reached Hoofdplatt, but the men scrambled ashore, and then had to drag all their material over the 15-ft. grassy dyke which runs along the coast. In spite of enemy opposition, a bridgehead was made and rapidly reinforced by boats, carrying men and supplies.

Furious fighting continued, the enemy making every tiny village into a fortress while the Canadians were suffering the discomfort of trenches deep in water, and being confined in a narrow area, from which they could not break out. But by October 14 the two Allied landings had joined up on the western side of the pocket, and some Canadian tanks had got over a bridge and were forcing their way on. The third landing was effected on October 15, at the eastern end of the Leopold Canal, driving the enemy, still fighting desperately, into a corner of the pocket

WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY IN THE DUTCH-BELGIAN TOWN OF PUTTE, one-half of which is owned by each country. This picture shows tanks and armour, accompanied by infantry, in the town and preparing to clear a wooded stretch of country on their right flank. It is this force which has been engaged in the task of cutting off the German garrisons in Walcheren Island and North and South Beveland

THE FIGHT FOR THE NARROW ISTHMUS OF BEVELAND, WHERE THE CANADIANS CUT THE ESCAPE ROAD FROM WALCHEREN ISLAND. The Allied advance came up from Antwerp along the Scheldt River towards Bergen-op-Zoom, but the Germans fought back fiercely to prevent the trap from closing on their forces in the islands of Walcheren and South Beveland (*See notes below*)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

A GERMAN VEHICLE LEAVES ANTWERP as the Allies enter. This picture was secured by one of the patriots during the hasty German retreat

IN ANTWERP: Cheering Belgians ride through the town on one of the first British tanks to enter the city. British armoured forces liberated the great Belgian city and port on September 4. When they arrived, they found that much local fighting had already taken place between the Belgian Underground "White Brigade" and the German troops. (The latter were aided by local "Collaborationists")

At the same time as the Canadians were making their attack over the Leopold Canal, other Canadian troops were pushing north from Antwerp in the attempt to cut off the retreat of the Germans by seizing the narrow isthmus connecting the islands with the mainland. On October 6 they crossed the Dutch frontier at Putte, having cleared the enemy from the northern suburbs of Antwerp. They also advanced along both banks of the Scheldt, leading to the capital, as far as Lillo. Though the enemy was close at hand the troops managed to stage a good entry into Putte, the first Dutch town they had freed, by bringing in a band to play them through the streets.

The next day Ossendrecht, 13 miles from Antwerp, was entered, which brought the Canadians to within three miles of the important causeway to Beveland and Walcheren. Here they had to repulse a heavy counter-attack, before they could press on to Hoogerheide. As they advanced nearer to the isthmus they met greater opposition, for the Germans well knew the vital necessity of holding it. Bergen-op-Zoom, lying to the north, was heavily fortified, and crack troops, supported by tanks, guarded the causeway, a narrow neck of land from two to three miles wide.

By October 10 Walcheren was half-covered with water, the sea flooding over at every tide, but though threatened by inundation on the west, and by the Canadians creeping steadily toward their one line of retreat, the enemy continued to fight with increasing stubbornness. The road and railway from Flushing running along the causeway were cut, and by October 14 the Canadians were holding a line right across the neck of the isthmus. Furious counter-attacks were made, the enemy having self-propelled guns and heavy tanks, but the Canadians held their ground till on the 15th the Germans made a tremendous attack in great force, driving the Canadians off the causeway.

CANADIAN ASSAULT TROOPS, IN LOCAL CRAFT, CROSSING AN ARM OF THE LOWER SCHELDT under cover of a smoke-screen to take German positions in the rear—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*
The boats are entering the smoke-screen, which is "white and harmless to the lungs." Over the screen is seen a dyke wall being scaled. To the left is a "perch"—a device much used in flat countries to indicate waterways and the height of the water. Over the smoke to the right flares and shell-bursts from the bombardment some miles away to the north are seen

A CRUISER REFUELS AT SEA : How the delicate operation is carried out with both vessels under way during a moderate sea

The complications of refuelling a cruiser at sea have been reduced to a minimum by modern methods : a large part of the process now takes place while both vessels are proceeding on their course. This picture shows the scene looking aft along the cruiser's deck. In the foreground is a rating holding a marked line which enables the navigator, watching from the bridge, to keep on a true course during the operation

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

The Eclipse of the German Navy Opens the Mediterranean and the Channel to the Warships and Merchantmen of the Allies

When Italy went out of the war last year the Mediterranean was thrown open, once again, to the Navies of the Allies : with the freeing of the Channel ports and the wiping-out of the U-boat lairs in France, the waters round the south and east coast began to enjoy a similar immunity. Except where the Japanese Fleet still operates in the Pacific, and where stray German submarines infest the Northern Atlantic, the seas are again clear for Allied warships and for Allied convoys

REINFORCEMENTS FOR FRANCE IN MID-CHANNEL : As new ports and beaches are opened up on the Continent, reinforcements for the land armies in Belgium and Holland continue to stream in

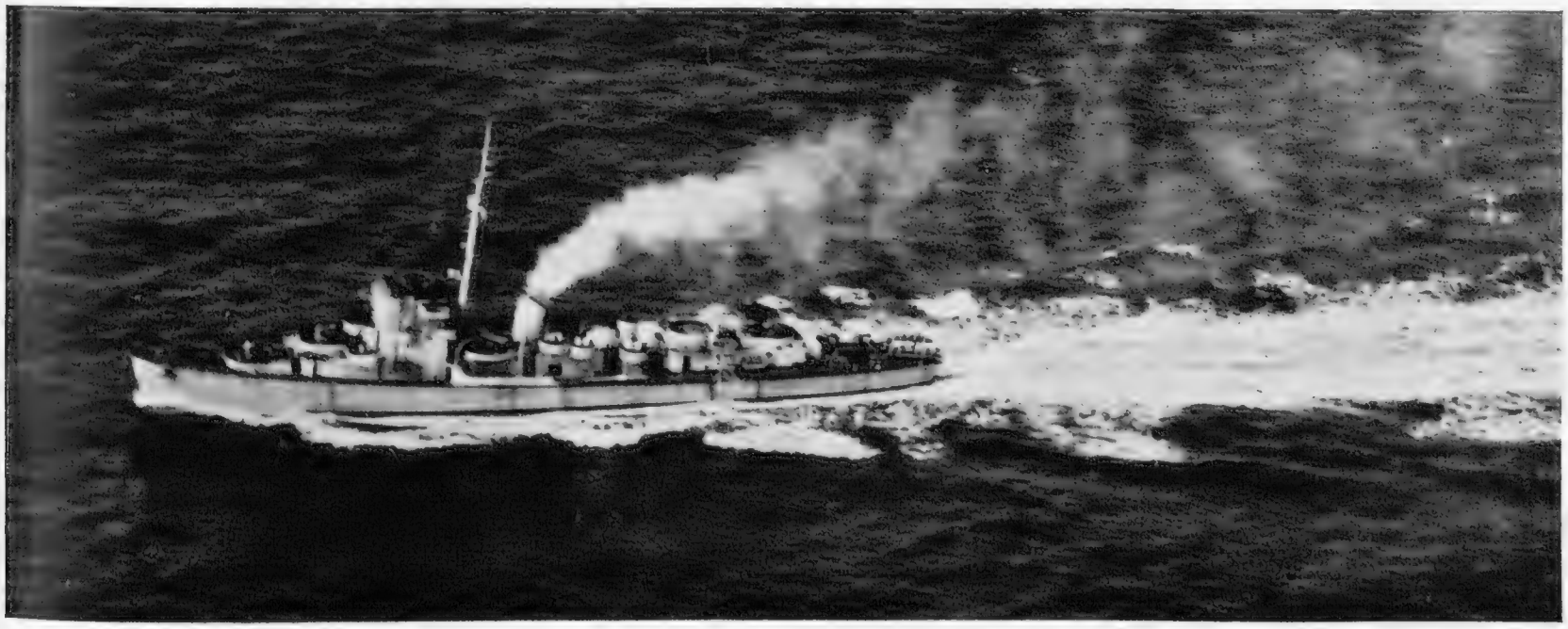
Writing from Cairo recently, a correspondent declared of the Mediterranean that "this whole sea looks ours ; and destroyers playing like dolphins seem to be glorying in avenging the harried and stricken destroyers of other years." With the memory of 1941 still in mind, he wrote, "it seems surprising we can cruise in these seas so nonchalantly, with apparently no thought of the enemy in cloud or wave." This transformation has, of course, been brought about by the elimination of the Italian Fleet, by the suppression of the German U-boat bases in France and Italy and by the German withdrawals from the Eastern Mediterranean. The picture by Mr. Dawson reproduced above typifies the new-found freedom now enjoyed by the British Navy and Merchant Navy in those waters.

The Isis class consist of vessels of 1,370 tons, most of which were laid down in 1936 and completed in 1937 and 1938. They carry a complement of 145, and are armed with four 4·7-in. guns. Each cost just over £320,000 to build. The Lookout class are newer than the Isis : they are vessels of 1,920 tons, carrying six 4·7-in. guns. The speed of both classes is 36 knots.

On left—**ON BOARD THE CRUISER "ENTERPRISE" :** Keeping fit during long periods at sea is a problem which the officers of this cruiser have solved with their own version of deck hockey. *Enterprise* played a valiant role in the French invasion : during respites from her bombardment of enemy coastal positions, the officers took over the quarterdeck for recreation. The rules were made up more or less as the game proceeded, the team with the least bruised and cracked shins being the winners ! Spliced rope rings take the place of hockey balls, and they disappear over the side as fast as the naval ratings can splice them. Usually—and as a wise precaution—one side includes the ship's doctor in its team

On right—**ONE OF THE CAPTAIN-CLASS FRIGATES.** A picture taken from the air of H.M.S. *Moorsom* steaming at sea whilst on escort duty. This new ship is a vessel of 1,300 tons and carries three 3-in. dual-purpose guns, as well as smaller weapons : her speed is 20 knots. *Moorsom* was built in the Boston Navy Yard and launched in December 1943. Launchings of these vessels have been widely reported in both the British and American Press. All are prefabricated : it has been stated that in most respects they are identical with the U.S. "destroyer-escort" type. An estimate of the number of Captain-class frigates now under construction would indicate that it is quite large in total

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN THE SCENE IS CHANGED: THE WHITE ENSIGN AND THE RED DUSTER NOW FLY UNDISTURBED IN WATERS WHICH WERE ONCE HIGHLY DANGEROUS FOR ALLIED WARSHIPS AND MERCHANTMEN. Vessels which range from large liners down to small coastal ships now ply from point to point as required, under light naval escorts, in the manner depicted in this drawing. The destroyer on the left is one of the Isis class: that in the right foreground is of the Lookout class—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



THE BRITISH LIBERATION OF PATRAS AND CORINTH IN GREECE

A COMBINED BRITISH AND GREEK FLEET IS POURING TROOPS ASHORE AT PIRÆUS, the port of Athens. Greek crowds are welcoming the British troops as they disembark. This picture was taken from an R.A.F. aircraft flying over the port during the operation

It is now known that the whole of Greece is free of the Germans—after years of the most brutal occupation by the enemy. The pictures on these pages have all reached London during the past few days, and show first scenes during the liberation of the country by the British forces which landed at Patras on October 4

CHEERING CITIZENS IN PATRAS climbing on to a reconnaissance car as the British troops come ashore at the Greek port

MEMBERS OF AN R.A.F. UNIT receive a welcome from girls of the local partisan organisation at Patras. Note the sickle-and-hammer banner

A VISIT BY THE BRITISH LIBERATORS OF

from the excavations around it. The columns stand on

After the liberation of Corinth and Old Corinth, a British war correspondent paid a visit to the American excavations on the classical sites: he found that these had not been interfered with to any great extent, but that the Nazis had stolen some of the ancient marbles, the plunderers including German officers and Generals. The chief sight of Old Corinth is the Doric temple, now identified as being dedicated to Aphrodite. Only a few of the columns survive, but they have mellowed to a beautiful tint and arrest the

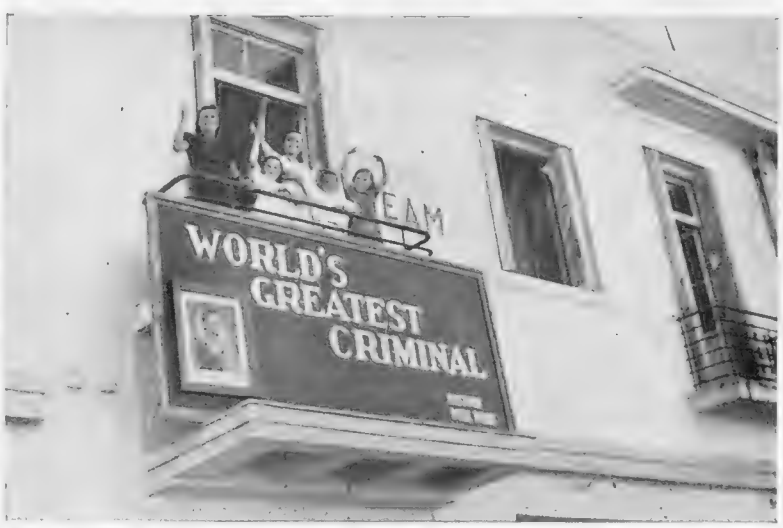
A SCENE DURING THE ALLIED LANDING AT PATRAS ON OCTOBER 4: To the right in this drawing is the old fort. The usually quiet quay is a scene of bustle as the British landing craft unload, while escort destroyers cruise slowly round in the harbour as more landing craft come in to put troops and supplies ashore—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

After three-and-a-half years of German occupation, British troops landed in Greece—at the harbour of Patras—on October 4, for the liberation of that country from the Nazi yoke. The British forces were carried there in ships and planes and were dropped by parachute. On the night of October 4 the town of Patras, at the north-western tip of the Peloponnese, was captured: it was one of the last strongholds of the Germans in this part of the country. Greek partisans at once flocked to join the forces of invasion, and took part in the subsequent rapid advance by the Allied columns to the town of Corinth. Patras is one of the chief ports of Greece and its commercial centre. The town is divided into an upper and a lower, the centre of the former being the Venetian castle shown on the right of the above drawing

GREECE TO HISTORIC OLD CORINTH: THIS DORIC TEMPLE (NOW IDENTIFIED AS THAT OF APHRODITE) WAS DESPOILED BY THE GERMANS, who carried off loot elevated ground just outside the modern city and command a magnificent view of the Rock of Acro-Corinth and the eastern end of the Gulf—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

attention by their lonely splendour. In the above drawing, the rock-mass of the Acro-Corinth is seen through the Doric columns of the temple. It is a couple of hours' climb up to the summit of this ancient citadel. A carriage can go to the foot of the hill, but the last part must be done on foot, or on mule. Here the walls speak eloquently of the various hands into which the fortress has fallen. On Hellenic foundations are Frankish, Venetian and Turkish masonry, Byzantine churches, Turkish mosques and cisterns in bewildering confusion. On a little plateau on the south-east is the fountain Pirene, where Bellerophon caught Pegasus. It is very remarkable that this spring should continue plentiful and supply good water, in spite of all the seismic disturbances near. The temple of Aphrodite was on the top of the hill

ON THE WAY IN TO CORINTH: A British armoured jeep is piled high with flowers by enthusiastic villagers at Xilokastron. The entry into Corinth by British troops took place on October 8, four days after the initial landings at Keta Kolon, near Patras, some 50 miles away. The British were accompanied by a picturesque army of 1,000 Greek guerillas, and found a town almost mad with excitement. The Greek Security Police (who had been collaborating with the Germans) had been given a two-hour ultimatum, and finally surrendered, after having been besieged for ten days by guerillas. The pictures given here were taken shortly after the British entry



THIS POSTER FIXED ON THE BALCONY OF A HOUSE AT CORINTH brands Hitler as "the world's greatest criminal." All the womenfolk had turned out to cheer the British as they entered

A MONUMENT TO GERMAN "CIVILISATION": The gallows in a Greek village, where the Germans hanged civilians and left them for days as a "warning" to their friends

THE DIFFICULTIES OF FLYING OVER THE POLDER AREAS OF HOLLAND. A British Mosquito, trying to make a forced landing, is confronted by a maze of waterways and irrigation canals. This area of Western Holland makes difficult country for aircraft in distress—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (*See notes below*)

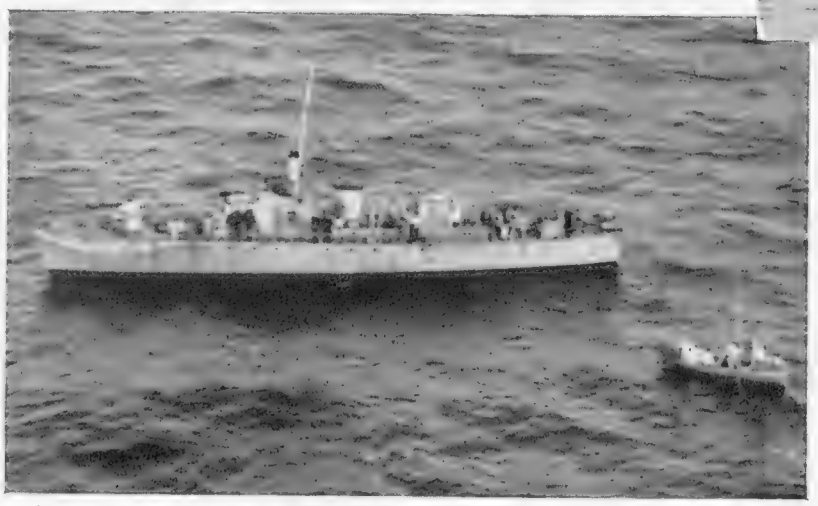
BRITISH AIRCRAFT FIGHTING OVER HOLLAND

And the New Airborne Lifeboat Carried by the Warwick

—Special Sphere Drawings

When an R.A.F. plane out on an operational mission over Western Holland gets into difficulties, necessitating a forced landing, the pilot may well be faced with a problem very different from anything within his previous experience. Below him he sees nothing but a network of shining waterways, varying in size from those capable of allowing a couple of sailing-barges to pass one another with ease, to narrow drainage channels and ditches running in geometrically straight lines across the wide polder meadows. There may also be irregular, local patches of water, possibly formed where peat has been dug by the peasants. The edges of some of the wider channels are dotted with windmills, as shown in the drawing given above The big mill in the centre foreground may be a grinding mill; the others will be pumping mills, to raise the water from one channel to another in the process of draining meadowland. The difference in water-levels may sometimes be only a matter of inches, but the water is gradually raised until it is poured into a river which safely conveys it to the sea. The only hard surfaces within such an area would be the raised roads leading to mills or small villages. There are always straight sections along these roads, and the only chance of a landing is on one of these. It would require some delicate piloting if the aircraft is not to become bogged down on one of the waterlogged meadows

THE ORDEAL OF THE CREW OF A WARWICK AIR-SEA RESCUE PLANE: Flying Officer G. H. Chester's crew climbing from their dinghy into the airborne lifeboat dropped on the sea



THE ROYAL NAVAL LAUNCH alongside the airborne lifeboat containing Flying Officer Chester's crew (*See story at right*)

THE AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT BEING DROPPED by the Warwick to Flying Officer Chester and his crew in the dinghy

After dropping an airborne lifeboat to ten men who came down 20 miles off the enemy shore, a Warwick of R.A.F. Coastal Command, engaged in the Air-Sea Rescue Service, was itself shot down into the North Sea by a Messerschmitt 410. The aircraft broke in two as it hit the water north of Borkum on October 7, and the crew of six (three of whom had been wounded by shrapnel) hid under their dinghy until the enemy had disappeared. They had been in their frail craft for nearly twenty-four hours when another Warwick dropped them a lifeboat. They managed to transfer to the latter, and then sailed nearly 100 miles before being picked up by a naval launch. They were then transferred to a rescue launch belonging to Coastal Command, which finally landed them at a British base

THE FAMOUS SPITFIRE OPERATING AS A DIVE-BOMBER AGAINST THE GERMANS IN THE SIEGFRIED LINE: These fighters have been doing excellent work against particular targets, bombing with great precision by daylight—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Everyone in Britain knows the work of the Spitfire as a fighter aircraft: just recently, in Germany, these aircraft have been adopting a different role—as dive-bombers against particular specified targets within the Siegfried Line. According to war correspondents on the spot, the medium bombers have not come fully up to expectation in this respect: this was also noted in Italy and around Caen. But there has been no such disappointment with the Spitfire! Equipped with bombs carried beneath the wings, and aided by their terrific speed, the fast-flying Spitfires have been doing deadly work amongst the German guns and tanks near the Dutch border. One of these bombing engagements is here depicted, with a battery of German guns on the ground as the target. It has been stated that Spitfire dive-bombers get hits with about 80 out of 100 of their bombs

On right—In its earlier guise, the Warwick was known as the Wellington—a bomber which did magnificent service with the R.A.F. It is a slightly enlarged development of the Wellington, and is constructed on the same geodetic principle. One of its functions to-day, it was recently disclosed, is as an Air-Sea Rescue plane. As illustrated in the *Sphere* on October 14, it carries a lifeboat beneath its fuselage: this is made of wood with two buoyancy chambers. It is 27 ft. in length, and is completely equipped with sails and with two motors: it also carries rocket life-lines, which operate in the manner shown in the accompanying drawing the moment the boat touches the sea. The lines are flung to right and left of the dinghy, so that the airmen in distress may tow themselves towards the boat not far off. If the Warwick has dropped the lifeboat in the proper manner, this feat should not prove too difficult for the airmen, except under exceptional circumstances. Already the Warwick has achieved rescues at sea by this means; the photographs given on the left illustrate one of these with a rather curious ending! A similar idea has also been adopted by the Americans for their big Super-Fortresses, which now each carry their own lifeboat below the fuselage

HOW THE AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT OPERATES AFTER IT HAS BEEN DROPPED TO AIRMEN FROM THE WARWICK RESCUE AIRCRAFT. How the two life-lines operate as the lifeboat touches the sea; by means of these the airmen can later haul themselves towards the completely-equipped lifeboat—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

BRITISH FLAME-THROWING AND MORTAR TANKS WORKING IN CONJUNCTION AGAINST AN ENEMY STRONG-POINT: The existence of these new and powerful weapons was only revealed a few weeks ago; both are now being used against the Germans in the present operations in Belgium and Holland—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

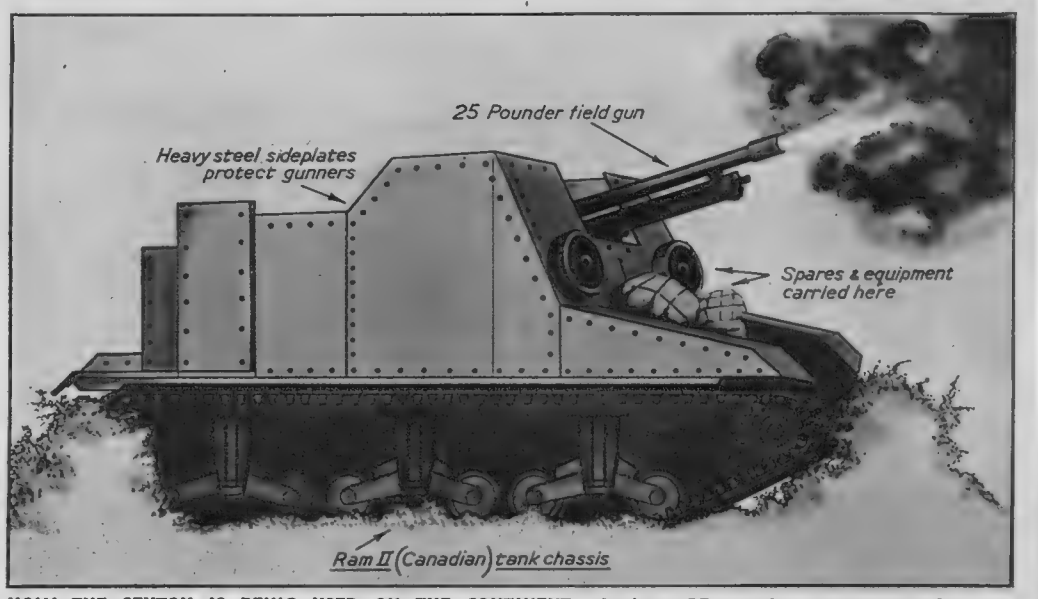
NEW WEAPONS OF THE ALLIES

Flame-throwers, Mortar Tanks and Tank-destroyers

The flame-thrower shown in the above drawing is a British Crocodile, the most powerful and effective of the three types now being used on the Continent. The vehicle itself is a Churchill tank, to which has been fitted an armoured trailer containing the necessary fuel. The flame can be projected to a distance of over 150 yards by the use of a special new type of fuel. One of the curiosities of the latter is that it enables the "flame gun" to be fired round corners, as the fuel will ricochet and produce fierce fire in the nooks and crannies of pill-boxes and trenches.

The mortar tank, or Avre, is also based on the Churchill, but its interior was specially designed to accommodate a crew of engineers, with specially-guarded charges for assault demolition. Its main armament is a special mortar mounted in the turret: this weapon has characteristics entirely different from those mounted in other types of tank, and it can hurl a charge containing many times the weight of explosive of any other projectile of similar dimensions against concrete, steel or masonry.

Working in conjunction, the Crocodile and the mortar tank should prove well-nigh irresistible when operating against an enemy strong-point of all but the very strongest construction.



HOW THE SEXTON IS BEING USED ON THE CONTINENT: It is a 25-pounder gun mounted on a Ram II tank chassis of Canadian manufacture and with heavy armour on its sides. In Libya, where it did amazingly good work, the 25-pounder was hauled from site to site as a piece of land artillery: a lorry towed the gun, and crew and ammunition were accommodated in the "quad." To-day the same weapon has been mounted on a Canadian tank chassis and propels itself to any desired spot. By this, and similar adaptations with other types of gun, the British Army now enjoys as great a mobility as the German. The Sexton has been prominent in the recent fighting in Holland and Belgium

ONE OF THE LATEST VERSIONS OF THE SHERMAN TANK: This American-built vehicle has now been equipped with a 105-mm. howitzer, and has been used by General Patton in his "steamroller" advance into Germany. It is the first time that a piece of artillery with such a heavy punch has been successfully installed in a medium tank: it makes the Sherman the master of any German vehicle in the field to-day. The Sherman also carries machine-guns of ·30 and ·50 calibre, a mortar, hand-grenades and smoke-bombs

THE SUPER-TANK-DESTROYER—the M.18, or Hellcat. This high-speed vehicle is the latest to be employed against the Nazis. It mounts a 76-mm. cannon in its power-operated turret, which can be traversed through 360 degrees. It is capable of speeds up to 55 miles per hour, and can out-run, out-shoot and out-manœuvre the most formidable of enemy equipment. The M.18 has been in secret production for more than a year by the Buick Company

THE KING WITH FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY AND GENERAL DEMPSEY. Included in this group are Sir Alan Lascelles, his Private Secretary, and Sir Piers Legh, his Equerry. The King's tour was kept a close secret until his identity was discovered by Dutch men and women as he was driving through Holland

THE KING at the BATTLEFRONT

During His Recent Five-day Visit to the Allied Armies

LIEUT.-GENERAL MILES DEMPSEY, Commander of the Second Army, is knighted by the King in the open air

During the past few weeks, the King has made a tour of the British armies in Belgium and Holland. He arrived by air on October 11, wearing battle-dress for the first time, and drove to Field-Marshal Montgomery's Headquarters. For the next five days he inspected the Nijmegen spearhead and paid visits to various headquarters, covering many hundreds of miles. Each night he slept in Marshal Montgomery's caravan (captured from the Italian Marshal Messe during the African campaign). During the course of his tour, the King held open-air investitures at which General Dempsey and General Omar Bradley, amongst others, received the K.C.B. The King crossed to France in a Dakota transport, and returned in a Hunt-class destroyer

ON THE STEPS OF THE U.S. FIRST ARMY HEADQUARTERS during the King's visit to the American front. General Eisenhower is talking to his Majesty, and is flanked by General Omar Bradley (on left) and General Courtney Hodges (on right)

IN THE MAP LORRY AT FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY'S HEADQUARTERS: The King is shown the position of the British forces in Holland. This was the King's fifth visit to the battle lines during the present war and his third wartime air trip from England

CHATTING TO TWO SISTERS OF PRINCESS MARY'S R.A.F. NURSING SERVICE, after watching wounded soldiers being taken aboard Dakota aircraft

VILLAGERS TURN OUT TO CHEER THE KING: Bare-headed on the right is General Dempsey: Field-Marshal Montgomery is behind on the left

GENERAL O'CONNOR describes the positions of his forces to the King at his Headquarters whilst reports of a battle were coming in by radio

PICTURES from ALL OVER the WORLD

Showing Phases of the War in Enemy and Allied Countries, from America to China

THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN WAR PRODUCTION BOARD IN CHINA : Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek is here seen with his visitor from the States, Mr. Donald M. Nelson (Chairman of the W.P.B.), on the veranda of the cottage assigned to him at Chiang Kai-Shek's country estate near Chungking. On the left is Dr. T. V. Soong, Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs. On September 26 Mr. Nelson returned to Washington after having stated that his visit to the Generalissimo had been "very successful"

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY REOPENS IN PARIS : The new Ambassador at his desk. On October 14 the United States Embassy was reopened in the Avenue Kleber, when Mr. Jefferson Caffery arrived from Washington to take over his new appointment in the French capital. Here he is seen at work at his desk. Britain's Ambassador, Mr. Duff Cooper, is also in Paris, at the Embassy building in the Rue du Faubourg-St. Honore

THE HEAD OF THE NEW PRO-ALLIED GOVERNMENT IN BULGARIA—M. Kimon Georgiev, who was named as the leader of the new Ministry following the end of hostilities between Russia and Bulgaria. A new and pro-Allied Cabinet was set up, a new Regency created and a purge launched against scores of former pro-Nazi Government officials

A FASCIST LEADER BECOMES REGENT IN HUNGARY—Major Ferenc Szalasy, a notorious character and the leader of the pro-Nazi "Arrow Cross" movement, which he began to organise on gangster lines in 1934. He is, in effect, Hitler's new Gauleiter in Hungary, following on the fall of Admiral Horthy

THE LIBERATION OF RIGA : A GENEROUS WELCOME FOR THE MEN OF THE RED ARMY. The capture of the Latvian capital was announced by Marshal Stalin on October 13, after the city had been carried by assault by troops of the Third Baltic Army. This picture, by radio from Moscow, shows the scene in the city after the Red Army's entry

THE HOME OF THE WEATHER REPORTS : Dinner at the main station on Jan Mayen Island. The radio is the only means of communication with the outside world during the six long winter months

THREE OF THE GARRISON ON JAN MAYEN on their way to the main station with supplies : transport is usually carried out as shown in the picture, the supplies being taken on toboggans drawn by the strong and reliable Greenland dogs. All through the war a meteorological station has been in operation on the small Norwegian island of Jan Mayen. It is situated far north in the Arctic Ocean between Greenland and the north of Norway. This outpost, guarded by a small garrison of Norwegian troops, has, through its observations, been one of the most important stations for weather reports for convoys crossing the North Atlantic to America and Russia, and has played a vital part in the fight for the domination of the Atlantic waters

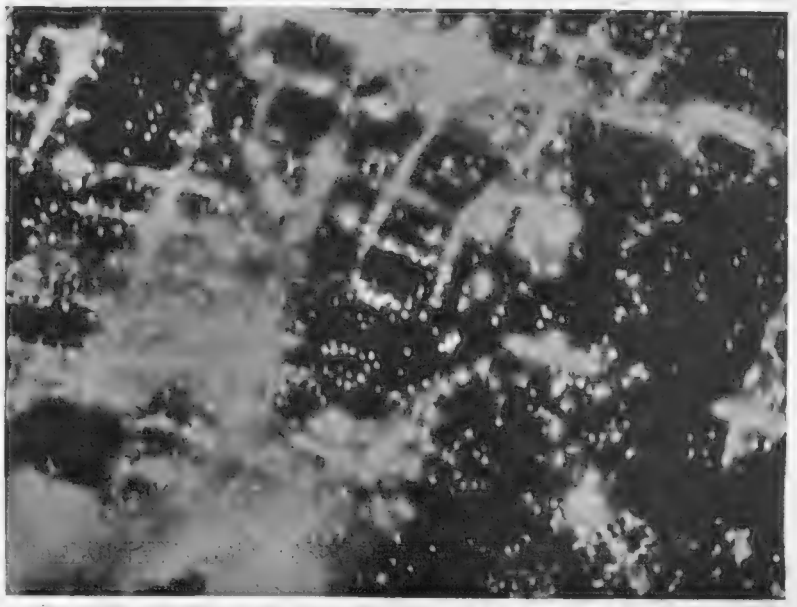
THE RUSSIAN COMMISSION IN THE FINNISH CAPITAL AFTER THE SIGNING OF PEACE: From left to right are: the Finnish Foreign Minister, Enckell; the Russian Colonel Popov; the Finnish Governor of the Department of Nyland, Major-General Helenius; the Russian Colonel Jemonov; the Finnish Colonel af Ursin; and the Chief of the Russian Commission, Orlov

MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN AND FINNISH ARMISTICE DELEGATIONS photographed in Helsinki—Colonel af Ursin (on left) links arms with the Russian Colonel Jemonov (on right). Behind is Major Walden (Finland). The first members of the Allied Armistice Commission—fifteen Russians headed by the former Minister in Helsinki, Mr. Orlov—have now arrived in the Finnish capital. The complete Commission will consist of about 100 members. Finland has now broken off diplomatic and consular relations with Japan, and recently all German and Hungarian civilians in the country were ordered to report to the police for internment

A VETERAN LANCASTER SETS OFF ON A 13,000-MILE FLIGHT: The scene at Prestwick as "George" began the long journey to Australia. The veteran Lancaster bomber "G for George" recently set off on a 13,000-mile flight from Prestwick Aerodrome, in Scotland, to Australia—via Canada and the United States. It was her ninety-first sortie from Britain: the other ninety were made over Germany and the enemy-occupied territories in Europe with squadrons from R.A.F. Bomber Command. "George" has been presented to the Australian War Museum at Canberra in recognition of the services she and other heavy bombers have performed in the great offensive against the Germans

A TRAGIC PICTURE FROM WARSAW after the Polish capitulation: Wounded and half-naked men of the Resistance Army help each other through the ruins of their city after General Bor had surrendered to the Germans. Many of the patriot forces were killed before the end came: the remainder were in a dire plight after their hopeless struggle

THE BURNING OF BRUNSWICK, IN GERMANY: The scene at the opening of the attack. These two pictures show the effects of a Bomber Command "secondary" attack. When the heavies made their second massive assault on Duisburg—key Ruhr communications centre—during the night of October 14-15 (a few hours after a 4,500-ton day blow), other bombers went to Brunswick. Here they dropped 800 tons of high-explosives and incendiaries. In the picture above, Brunswick is seen with its streets clearly illuminated by the light of many fires and thousands of burning incendiaries. In the foreground are silhouetted three 30-lb. incendiary bombs just released from one of the aircraft



A FEW SECONDS LATER OVER BRUNSWICK: More and more fires have broken out in the city, and the hundreds of pin-points of light in this picture indicate where fresh incendiaries are burning

STRANGLING THE ENGLISH FILM

Some of the Obstacles and Limitations which Shackle the Industry and Allow Hollywood to Keep in the Lead

By CHARLES GRAVES

TALKING pictures are, without question, one of the most effective methods of securing an export market. Properly presented, they show the best side of a nation's mode of life—its motor-cars, trains, aeroplanes, refrigerators, furniture, factories, cuisine, and even drinks. As such, Hollywood has done an immense amount for U.S. trade all over the world, quite apart from the thousands of millions of dollars which its films have earned abroad and brought to the American Exchequer. The Board of Trade, on behalf of the British Government, has failed completely to recognise this. Nothing has been done during the war (and very little was done before it) to assist the English film industry. (I use the word "English" because there are no film studios in Scotland, Wales or Ireland, and it is high time that the associations of the word "British" in the film world should be lived down.) On the contrary, the English film industry has been checked and regimented unmercifully. There were few enough studios in 1939, without the Government commandeering thousands of feet of space for storage purposes. And the establishment of the Films Division at the Ministry of Information resulted in a Gestapo-like organisation which could, and did, refuse to sanction the making of any English film which had, in its opinion, no direct propaganda value—and one knows from experience how little entertainment there is in propaganda. Recently, this attitude has been modified, and films depicting the British way of life are now graciously permitted; hence *Champagne Charlie*, no doubt.

One can presume that when the war is over the Ministry of Information, and with it the Films Division, will be swept away, thus giving English films a chance. Yet in spite of the Films Division, English talking films have improved immensely during the war. It is true that they can never compete fully with Hollywood, if only because of the variable weather, lack of suitable studio equipment, and the market conditions; for English films do not get distribution in the United States. When an English film is bought, the chances are that it will be entirely remade and sent back to this country; the classic example being *Gaslight*, which was entirely rejigged, called *Murder in Thornton Square*, and then distributed in this country. The French had the similar experience before the war, when *Pépé le Moko* was transformed into *Algiers*. In neither case was the American version as good as the original. The only English film which has had a real success in the United States was *Desert Victory*, made by the Army Film Unit. Even *In Which We Serve* was not a big hit, whilst *Target for To-night* was an actual failure, for even if a picture has a success in New York it may be a complete "flop" throughout the rest of the country.

At the present minute Arthur Rank is expected to enjoy some benefit from arrangements he recently made between his companies and Fox Films in the United States, but time will show whether anything good comes of it. One of the complaints which American distributors make about English films is that audiences over there cannot understand what the actors and actresses are saying on the screen. It is quite true that Tommy Trinder and Tommy Handley both speak twice as fast as Bob Hope or, indeed, any American actor, with the exception of Groucho Marx. But apart from the speed at which they talk, English actors and actresses are blamed by the Americans for not having acquired the international accent which is common in Hollywood. Over there, even Sir Aubrey Smith and Herbert Marshall now use the soft "a," rhyming "pass" with "gas." The Americans also complain that the action in English films is much slower than in those from Hollywood, where screen-writing is certainly developed to a very high degree, and where screen-writers like Sam Spewack, Garson Kanin and Robert Riskin can charge what they like for a story treatment.

In spite of all this, however, a successful English school of film production is being rapidly evolved. It is not imitative of Hollywood and has a cachet of its own. There is no doubt that we can produce the best documentary films in the world, and that these, together with *Gaslight* and *The Way Ahead*, have broken down the pre-war prejudice existing, even in this country, against English films. In the past four years, this English School of film production has been learning fast, headed by Noel Coward. A number of young English directors have come to the top. They include Carol Reed, Jeffrey Dell, Thorold Dickinson, Ian Dalrymple, Bernard Miles, Laurence Olivier, and those two clever teams, Powell and Pressberger, and Launder and Gilliat. In this connection one must not forget the late Leslie Howard, one of the pioneers of the English school. On the other hand, one can scarcely include Gabrial Pascal or Cavalcante, in view of their foreign background.

The leading studios are at Denham, Pinewood, Islington, Teddington (blitzed), Sound City, and Elstree. After the war perhaps they will start to make English classics. It is all very well for us to say that the American accent offends the ear when used in the screen version of some famous English book, but the answer is that we have not made the pictures first. In any event, there are a number of English "deserters," like Dr. Cronin, John Van Druten and Aldous Huxley, to see that the directors do not go too far wrong in Hollywood.

English films have always, of course, lacked women stars, and whenever an English girl shows any sign of becoming good, she is snapped up by Hollywood—witness Ida Lupino, Greer Garson, Madeleine Carroll and Merle Oberon. But English actors are more abundant, even though they, too, are likely to be acquired by Hollywood when the war is over and the uniform does not protect them.

English writers are in good supply, and the Scenario Institute, which acts as a central story department, has every current published work of fiction read with a view to possible filming. Even non-fiction books are read, in case the author may show possibilities of becoming a writer for the films. *A Very Ordinary Sailor*, by J. Mallalieu, and *The Small Back Room*, by Nigel Balchin, are two cases in point. The original idea of the Scenario Institute was to buy books—possibly at a loss—in order to prevent the film rights being sold to the United States. In its eighteen months of existence, the Institute has bought the film rights of eight books. The chairman is Arthur Rank, who is now the Colossus of the English film world. The production companies he controls include Two Cities, Gainsborough, and Independent Producers (which in turn include the production units of Gabrial Pascal, Launder and Gilliat, Powell and Pressberger, Soskin and Cine Guild), not to mention Gaumont-British Instructional and several other companies which make films for children or religious subjects. Arthur Rank also controls General Film Distributors and Eagle Lion. As for the cinemas under his control, there are literally hundreds of them in the Odeon, Gaumont-British and Associated British circuits, as well as the General Theatre Corporation, and several others.

Apart from this set-up, there is the British subsidiary company of Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer Society with Korda, British National (Lady Yule) and Ealing Studios (Michael Balcon), which is really English but on a much smaller scale than Arthur Rank's interests. So far, Korda has produced nothing in this country since the outbreak of war, and British National concentrates on slapstick.

What astonishes me is that no real film of the R.A.F. has been made, although dozens would have been completed in Hollywood if the Battle of Britain had taken place over there. Equally, there has been no attempt to make a film of the Home Guard, although psychologically and historically it has been the most fantastic mass movement in history. In this case, too, one can be quite certain that Hollywood would have produced a cycle of Home Guard films if the same situation had occurred in the United States as was our lot after Dunkirk in Great Britain. Not even a full-length film has been made about the Royal Armoured Corps. Now, of course, it is too late. Everybody wants escapist pictures; preferably in technicolour. In ten or fifteen years' time, however, the English School of Films ought to sweep the world.

WAITING IN VAIN FOR OPENING TIME WHICH NEVER COMES: Many a thirsty visitor to Mevagissey, in Cornwall, has waited patiently at the doors of the Ship Inn at opening time, only to discover that it is a snare and a delusion: it is, in fact, a dummy built for a film set. The would-be customers seen above were enlightened by the photographer after he had secured his picture

THE WOMAN HEAD OF THE SCENARIO INSTITUTE (mentioned in the accompanying article) is Miss Pat Wallace, daughter of the great Edgar Wallace, and wife of a leading London publisher

TO SUPERVISE CHILDREN'S FILMS: Miss Mary Field, M.A., recently appointed Chief of the Children's Films Department by Mr. J. A. Rank, head of Gaumont-British. Miss Field has just journeyed to Canada to supervise work in connection with such films from the Empire. Whilst across the Atlantic she will take time off to marry Mr. Gerald Hankin, of the Inter-Allied (Interim) Commission of Food and Agriculture, in Washington, D.C.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

PICTURES OF HOME INTEREST

Scenes in Town and Country in England To-day

A WEEKLY GIFT OF FLOWERS FOR THE WOUNDED BY THE CHILDREN OF CIRENCESTER. Twice a week these children visit the offices of the United Nations Friendship Committee with flowers which they have collected from their own gardens for distribution to various hospitals in the neighbourhood of their town. They are intended for the wards of American wounded soldiers

BREAKING UP BRITAIN'S ROAD-BLOCKS: Workmen picking to pieces a concrete obstruction at Redhill, in Surrey. At long last work has begun on the road-blocks which were built across all the main thoroughfares in the country, as part of our invasion defences. Many questions have been asked during recent months why these eyesores have been allowed to remain as obstructions to the normal flow of traffic at busy points

DISMANTLING LONDON'S NOW-UNWANTED INVASION DEFENCES. Guardsmen clearing away barbed-wire barricades which have long been an eyesore in Trafalgar Square. One by one the pill-boxes, obstacles, tank traps and barbed-wire barricades around public buildings and at strategic centres in London are being removed. In view of the present war situation, it is now considered unlikely that the enemy will invade England!

NEW LIGHTS ON LONDON'S UNDERGROUND: The inside of a railway car on the District Line showing the new lighting system. A railway car equipped with a new system is now in service on London's District Railway. The experimental car gives passengers a glimpse of what car-lighting may be like after the war. In place of the usual separate light fittings, tubes of light—each 2-ft. long—run down each side of the roof, over the passengers' heads. There are twelve tubes each side, and the effect is to give continuous bands of light

HOME GUARDS AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: General Franklin, Commander of the Kent Home Guards, takes the salute as the parade marches past. About 3,000 Home Guards, representing 60,000 of their comrades in Kent, marched to Canterbury Cathedral a few days ago for a "service of recognition" before the "stand down" order. Standing shoulder to shoulder, they packed the nave as the Dean, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, expressed the country's gratitude for their services. Afterwards the Lord Lieutenant of Kent, Lord Cornwallis, took the salute at a march-past

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WHEN NIGHTINGALES did SING in BERKELEY SQUARE

The Berkeley Family; An English Community in Wartime; Oxford's Town-planning Problem; The Early Days of Nova Scotia; The Development of Rugby Football

THE obvious drawback—and it's the only one I can think of—to writing an immensely successful novel is that all your subsequent works of fiction are bound to be judged against it with a lack of that magnanimity and tolerance that are such a feature of subscribers to lending libraries.

Miss Stella Gibbons' new book, however, can stand even that kind of judgment. In spite of the fact that this author wrote *Cold Comfort Farm*, one of the lightest and funniest satires of the century, she has also written six or more very amusing novels, and now another entertainment which would unquestionably have made her name if *C.C.F.* had not already performed that function.

MARSHAL TITO'S WOUNDED SON receives the highest Soviet decoration. Zakua Broz is here seen wearing the Order of the Red Star, highest award of the Soviet Army. It was conferred on him personally by Marshal Stalin for his part in the defence of Moscow in the autumn of 1941. In the fighting, Broz lost his right arm, and he is here seen with the artificial one he now wears. This picture was taken on the partisan-held Dalmatian Island of Vis

THE BACHELOR (Longmans Green. 10s. 6d.) is one of the many stories that might be written about an English community in wartime, except that no one but Miss Gibbons would have written it quite like this. The Fieldings are a prosperous family who live in one of those amorphous districts near London, a few miles too far out to be suburban. Constance is a large and formidable spinster who refers to people slightingly as "very Young Souls," and whose genuine kindliness is slowly withering at the roots for want of a compensating humility. Constance, in other words, is a bully, and her middle-aged brother, the bachelor, still looks to her for permission to smoke anywhere but in his own sanctuary of the potting-shed.

To this household comes a "Baraimian" refugee, a very pretty and equally tough young girl, with misleadingly good manners and a brilliant, slanting eye on the main chance. Her mission is ostensibly to help with the housework, and indeed she is a hard worker. The trouble partly is that her efforts are not confined to the kitchen. Being a large house with plenty of bedrooms and hot water, it is continually full of people whom Constance has allowed to come and take "bread and salt" with her. And on all the male visitors, from the ages of twenty to eighty, the Baraimian comes down like a wolf on the fold.

It is glorious fun, and I recommend it to you without reservation, if it were only for the accounts of the amateur rehearsals of *Little Frimdl and the Peace Reindeer*—"You can bring some young people from the office to be Spirits of Mutual Mistrust, can't you, Betty?" But read it for yourselves and enjoy it.

So thoroughly does Mr. Bernard Falk deal with his subject that in his new book, THE BERKELEYS OF BERKELEY SQUARE (Hutchinson. 18s.), not only are the remote ramifications of the Berkeleys' kinsfolk and friends examined, but the very possibility that there may have been a nightingale in Berkeley Square! Being a skilled hand at research work, Mr. Falk called on the combined authorities of Dr. Julian Huxley and Mr. B. W. Tucker, of Oxford University Museum, to settle this point. They did. And there wasn't. But the legend remains as charming as the fast-vanishing graces of one of London's loveliest squares.

As for the family of Berkeley, from the reign of Henry II to the days of the last earl, in our own times, one cannot do better than quote their biographer, who writes that "On the whole, the Berkeleys, despite their large possessions and honours, do not strike us as having been particularly fortunate." They counted in their numbers some odd and some distinguished characters, and, especially among the women, some excessively well-known ones, but theirs was not a happy history.

Mr. Falk writes with even more than his usual animation; I sometimes felt in the course of reading this book that I was lucky to be a strong swimmer, or I would have been gasping and cramped under the flood of elegant relations, kings' mistresses, schemers, moneylenders, illegitimate children and visiting royalties. But if one's stamina is equal, or half-way equal, to the author's, a very good time can be had by both. And a very great deal of genealogical information assimilated.

The unique town-planning problem of Oxford is tackled by Lawrence Dale, F.R.I.B.A., in an engaging monograph, TOWARDS A PLAN FOR OXFORD CITY (Faber. 6s.). Oxford was always congested. It grew without a plan. The coming and the unforeseeable success of the motor-car industry there brought catastrophe. Building land soared from £30 an acre to £1,000. The crux of the problem is the congestion at Carfax and along the lovely High Street, axis of the University. Mr. Dale argues that the traffic must be smoothed out in such a way that the town is not deprived of the lifeblood of trade, nor the gown of peace. By-passes effect no decrease in the traffic, and the Town does not like them. Oxford is nothing if not hospitable.

The author thinks he has found a solution. He projects a new road, to be known as Christ Church Mall, a dignified and beautiful highway skirting the Meadow. It would pick up traffic from the Marston Road, Headington Hill, Cowley Road and Iffley Road (thereby freeing St. Clement's for development), cross the playing-fields between Iffley Road and the Cherwell, span the Cherwell with a new bridge, and skirt Christ Church Meadow, with the Thames on one side, the towers and spires rising from the Broad Walk on the other, to arrive north of Folly Bridge, and so lead into a rebuilt St. Ebbes' and to the north.

"The merit of the Mall is that everyone gains by it," the author says persuasively: "It integrates the University and leaves it in peace; it joins up the severed town by a new and delightful link; it by-passes a large portion of the through traffic; it provides long-needed circulation; and gives the visitor and the whole community the enjoyment of the Meadow and a new view of the dreaming spires. It civilises the Meadow in the root sense of the word, and gives Oxford some 'Backs.' It puts St. Clement's and St. Ebbes' on the map for future development and preserves the ancient city."

Mr. Dale writes in a sophisticated and self-conscious style, and is at his best when he allows himself to become lyrical over his darling scheme. His is an admirable suggestion and one which the City Fathers should ponder. The book has some charming illustrations,

GRAND PARADE (John Lane. 10s. 6d.) is a novel so full of incident and material that it reads rather like the plan for a three or four-volume tome; continuity being broken up to a confusing degree even in the first part of the book. This is especially a pity, since the theme, the early days of Nova Scotia and Canada, is a genuinely exciting one, and since the author, Miss G. B. Lancaster, has given it the full value of research and authentic detail.

TWO ITEMS FROM THE PENN EXHIBITION. This exhibition was arranged by the Library Committee of the Society of Friends to commemorate the tercentenary of William Penn. It is being shown at the Library in Friends' House in Euston Road. Among the many interesting items on view is an early edition of *An Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe*: it was written by Penn in 1693, and addressed to a Europe devastated by war as a plea for peace based on justice. It is seen at the right above. On the left is an edition of Penn's account of his travels in Holland and Germany in 1677, together with the manuscript of the same written by his daughter, Letitia

In 1800, Halifax, Nova Scotia, was England's capital in the New World, its importance as much military as social, and its position a vital one in our wars against Napoleon. The author has chosen a rich merchant family of the times, in order to show through them something of the conflict and stress of that age. The human story that is told is a complicated and not always a satisfying one, but in that it has its counterpart in actual history.

My criticism of this readable and well-informed novel would only be its slight indigestibility—the cramming into its 300-odd pages of too many characters, too many places and too long a span of time. But that aside, there is a great deal to admire.

RUGGER—THE MAN'S GAME (Hollis and Carter. 12s. 6d.) is the decisive and rather challenging title of Mr. E. H. D. Sewell's new book, though in a foreword Commander C. B. Fry reminds us that "there is always polo. Remember that. Polo, too, is a Man's Game." For Mr. Sewell, however, the game is rugger, and he writes with that authority conferred by being a past captain of the Bedford School XV. in the great days when Rugby football was developing into its present form, and a player for the Harlequins in 1891-92. Both these are distinctions to be appreciated by connoisseurs.

But even to the layman this book has its interest. There isn't an aspect of the game that Mr. Sewell doesn't examine, from the origins of it and the reasons for the ball's oval shape, to a memorable place-kick in 1932.

A GREAT ATTRACTION FOR THE CROWDS IN LEICESTER SQUARE: One of the most popular window displays in London at the present moment is the exhibition of war maps and pictures at the Headquarters of the Automobile Association at Fanum House, in New Coventry Street. Throughout the day civilians and Service men take a great interest in tracing the progress of the various campaigns. The pictures are the original drawings of illustrations published by our contemporary, *The Illustrated London News*

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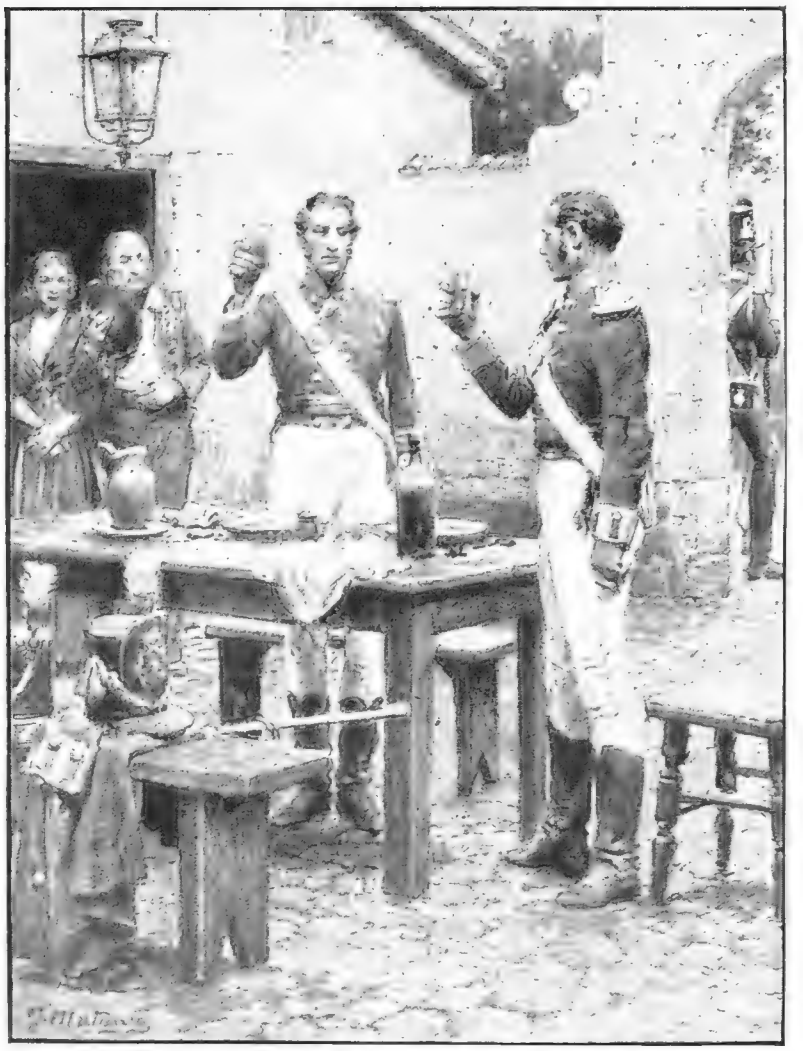

Gentlemen, "The King"

Many and varied are the traditions surrounding the drinking of the King's health in military messes. A goodly number of regiments do not toast His Majesty: others give the toast only on guest nights. So far from implying disrespect, this omission of the toast is really a mark of honour. Time was in the turbulent days when Jacobitism was still rife, when all officers were commanded to drink the King's health. But on dining in the messes of certain regiments the earlier Georges, graciously saying that the loyalty of the assembled officers was beyond question, granted the privilege of omitting the toast.

Whether the toast is honoured or not, however, is no indication of past loyalty, but due rather to the accident of a casual visit from the monarch.

One of the most striking rituals is that of The Gloucester Regiment—the old 28th Foot. Varying the usual formula when the President rising says "Mr. Vice, the King," and the Vice President responds "Gentlemen, the King," the Vice President replies "Mr. President, the King" and no-one else speaks. The origin of this custom goes back to the Peninsular war when at the end of the day's fighting only two officers remained alive to honour the toast.

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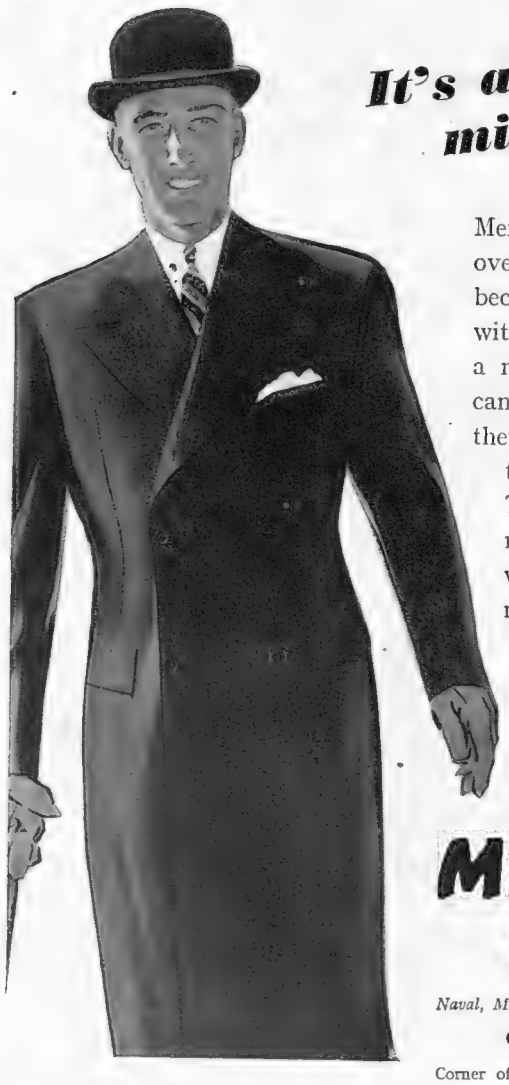

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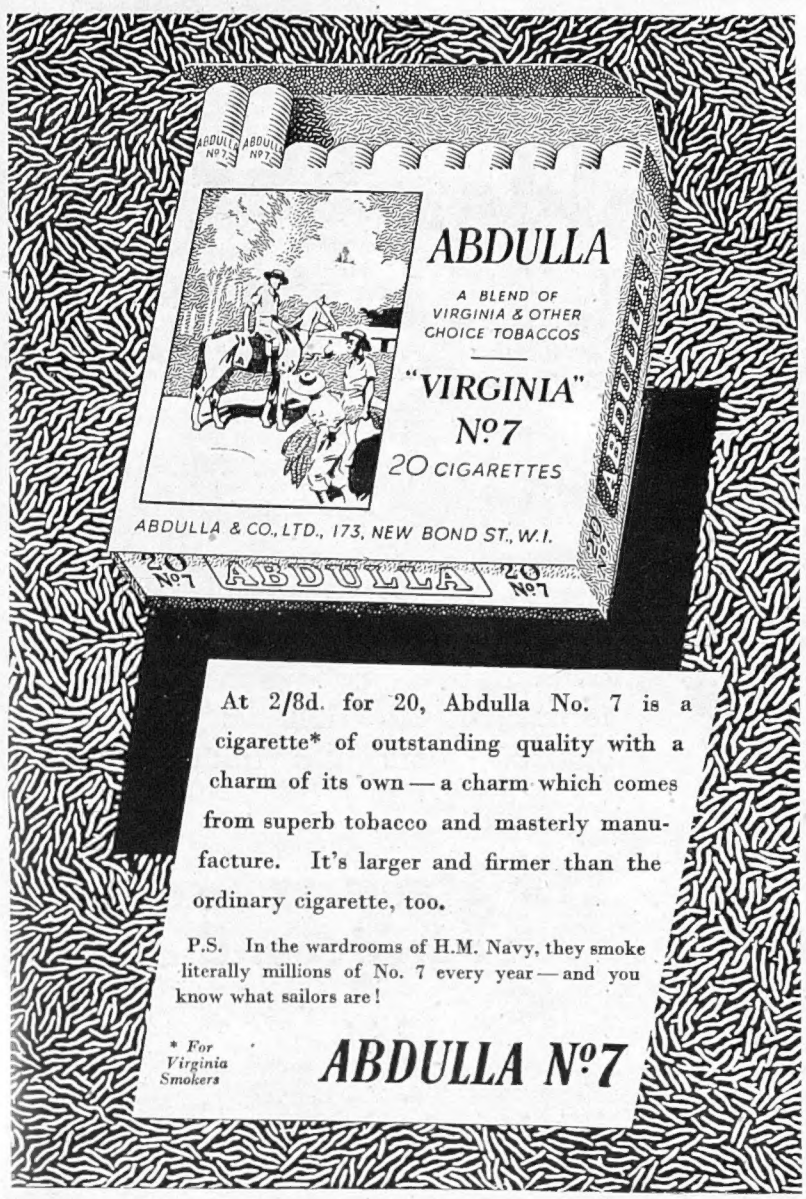

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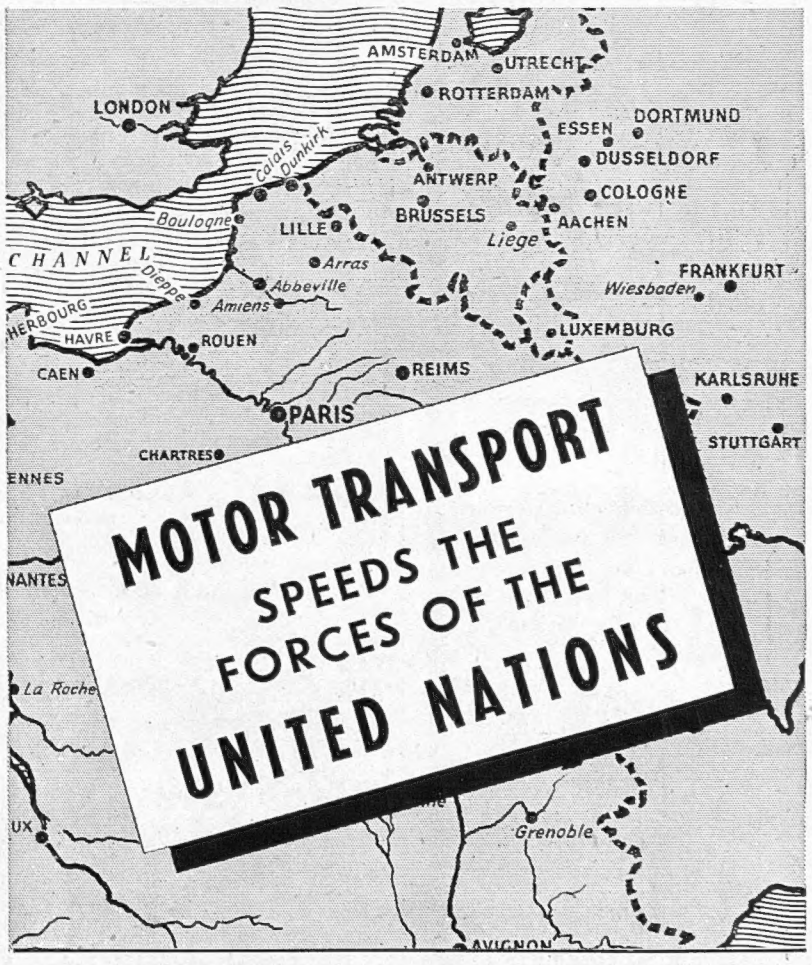

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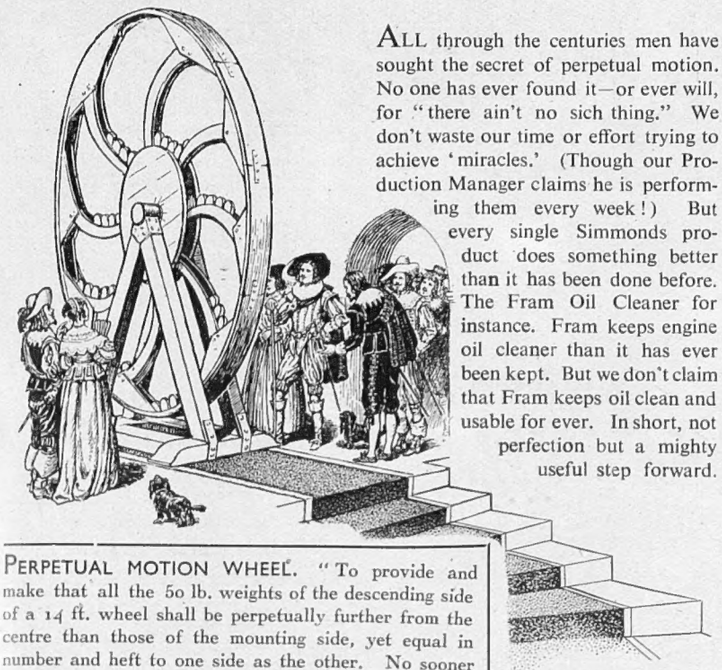

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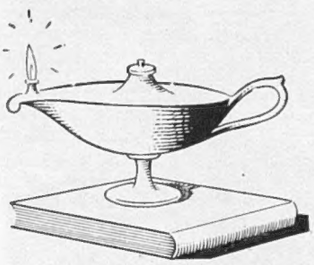

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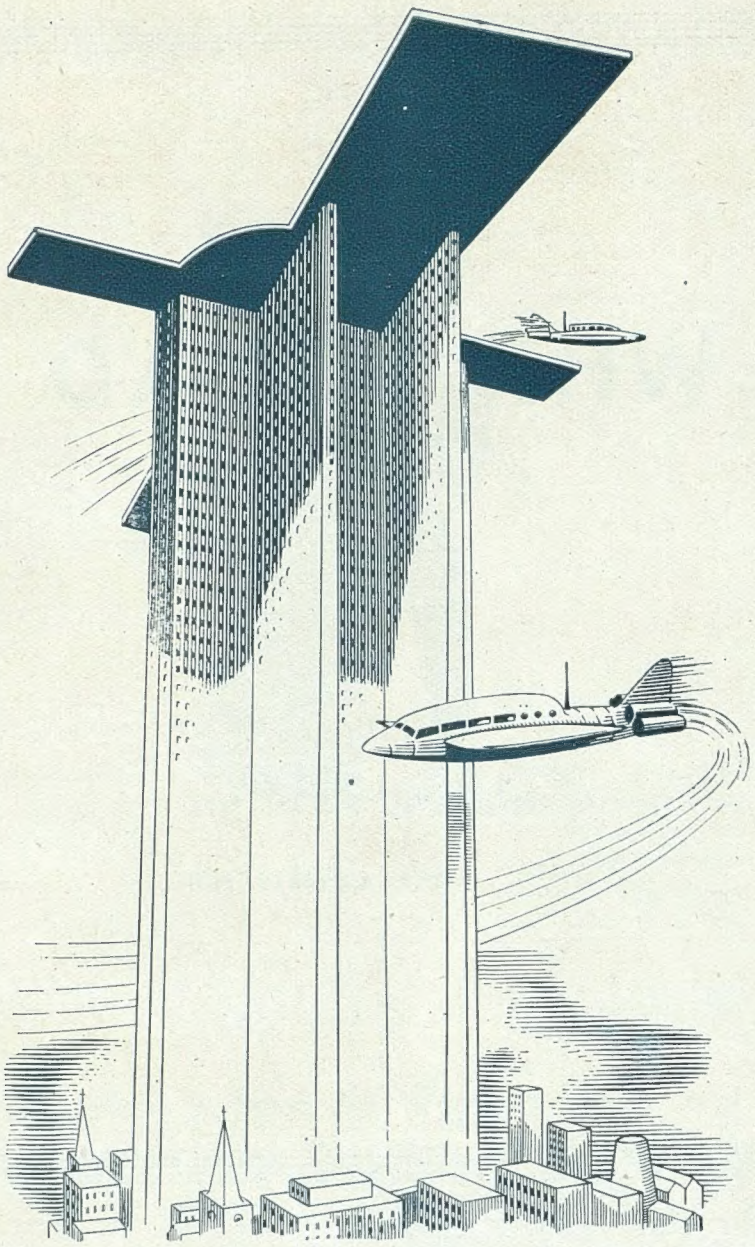

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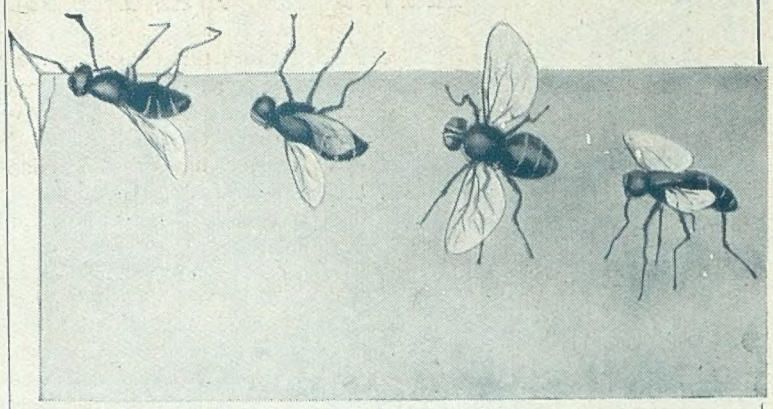

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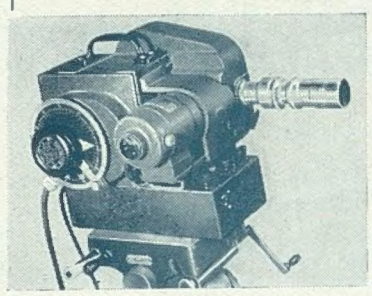

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